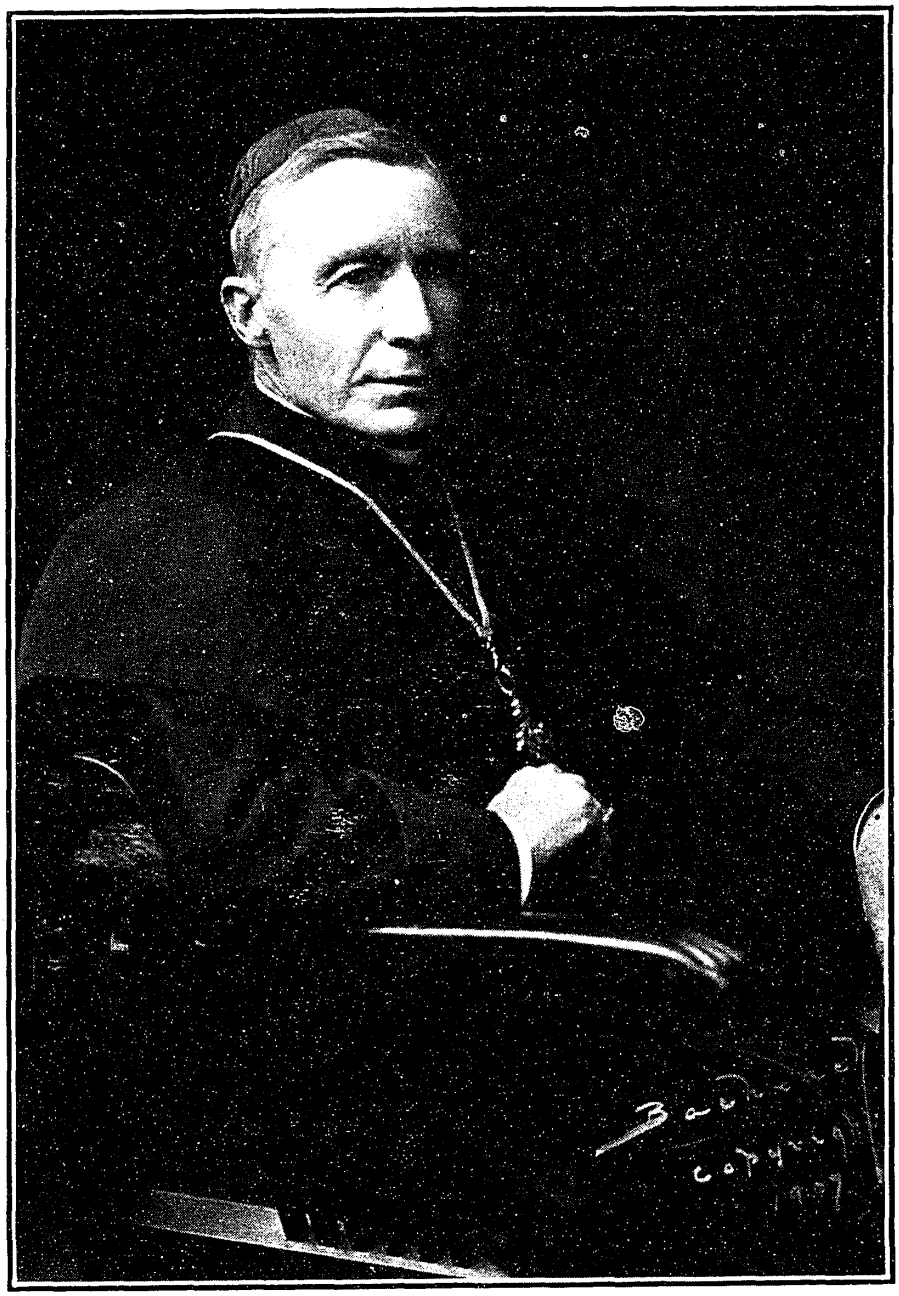


HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS*

*SEE APPENDIX E

St. Paul's Church and Parish,
Ellicott City, Maryland.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
570176
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1911 L

FOLEY BROS., PRINTERS

BALTIMORE

IMPRIMATUR.

CARDINAL'S HOUSE.
BALTIMORE, MD.

I heartily approve this History of St. Paul's Church and Parish, Ellicott City, Md., and trust that it will serve as an impetus to others to emulate the praiseworthy effort of Brother Fabrician, in collecting and putting into permanent form the historical data of our other Catholic parishes throughout the Archdiocese.

Cordially yours,

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

To REV. M. A. RYAN,
Rector St. Paul's Church,
Ellicott City, Md.

November 4, 1910.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMBERS OF ST. PAUL'S PARISH,

PRESENT AND PAST,

WITH REVERENT REMEMBRANCE

OF OUR SAINTED DEAD,

THIS MONOGRAPH,

A LABOR OF LOVE,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

ROCK HILL COLLEGE, MD.

Feast of Blessed Joan of Arc, 1910. *

"ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM."

* See Appendix F.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD.

This little sketch was undertaken at the request of Rev. M. A. Ryan, present rector of St. Paul's Church. The request carried with it the force of a command because of the many obligations the author has been under to one who is not only a prudent spiritual guide, but also a devoted friend. It was begun with much diffidence, and put together at stray moments snatched from scholastic duties. At first intended merely as a short pamphlet, the matter developed beyond all anticipations, as the author delved into the records of the past, so numerous indeed are the historical incidents connected with the church, its pastors and its people.

Were it not for the continuous kindly encouragement of Father Ryan, the author would never have hoped to develop the work to its present dimensions. But the pastor's gentle urgency and his repeated assurances that the sketch would effect much good among his people, was the guiding star that finally led the untried sailor's frail barque safely into port. As he proceeded, the author grew enamored of his work, so interesting were the data, so tenderly human the memories they awakened. It became, indeed, a "labor of love." With great diffidence he sends it forth, fully conscious of its many shortcomings; but his only purpose, his only hope is that it may accomplish good among those for whom it was primarily written.

The author cannot find words to express adequately his gratitude to "Ignotus" for the intense interest he took in the completion of this sketch, and for the many valuable notes he contributed thereto, without which the work would have lost

much historic value. In fact, he could not have taken more pains to perfect the monograph if it had been his own production. This interest is only another tangible proof "that he has retained the warmest affections for dear old St. Paul's."

Nor must we forget a grateful word for our Superior, Reverend Brother Maurice, President of Rock Hill College, who so kindly afforded the writer an extra hour or two from school-work as an encouragement and help to further its completion, and who read over the manuscript critically.

BROTHER FABRICIAN OF JESUS.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We here take occasion to thank publicly Rt. Rev. William E. Starr, Rector-Emeritus, Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore for critical inspection of our manuscript, and the addition of many valuable notes; to Rt. Rev. George Devine, Rector, St. John's, Baltimore, for data concerning the late Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McManus; to Very Rev. Francis X. McKenny, S. S., President of St. Charles College, as also Reverend P. F. Roux, S.S., for data of Pastors Piot's and Verot's careers; to Rev. Thomas S. Dolan, Rector, St. Mary's, Laurel, for inspection of manuscript; to Reverends Joseph A. Cunnane, Rector, St. Andrew's, Baltimore; to Bernard J. Bradley, Vice-President Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg; and to Paul Griffith, Rector, St. Augustine's, Washington, D.C., for outlines of biographies; to Rev. Joseph Wuest, C. SS. R., and to Rev. Walter Drum, S. J., for minor researches in connection with this work; to Rev. J. A. White, Rector of Hickory, Md., and to Rev. Peter Tarro, D. D., Rector, Sacred Heart Church, Mount Washington, Baltimore County, for important data.

We also thank Mrs. Beulah Ellicott Hunt and Miss Ida Tyson for having secured for us a perusal of valuable old family documents relating to the early history of Ellicott City; to Mrs. John F. McMullen for important data concerning "Old Maryland Families;" to Mr. James F. Heavey for valuable personal recollections of the parish going back over fifty years; to Mr. Joseph McAvoy, Clarkson, Howard County, Md.; to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Ells, and to Mrs. John French for specific data concerning many parish details.

Thanks are due also to Mrs. Matthew Powers, Miss Eliza Byrne, Mrs. Thomas Foley, Mr. Joseph Cramblitt, Miss Annie Kelly, and Miss Mary Heavey, for having furnished Father Ryan with photos of former pastors; to Messrs. John J. Heavey and Robert French for typewriting the manuscript for use of printer; and lastly to Prof. J. B. Egerton, Rock Hill College, for photographic work in connection with this sketch.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

The matter contained in this sketch was derived from the following sources:

1. The Title Deeds of Church property, and the Old Church Registry, A. D. 1836 and 1838, respectively.
2. A Manuscript History of Rock Hill College, by the late Brother Azarias.
3. "A Brief Account of the Settlement of Ellicotts' Mills, by Martha Ellicott Tyson,"—Fund Publication, No. 4, Maryland Historical Society.
4. "Rise and Progress of Ellicotts' Mills, by John S. Tyson, Sr."—manuscript issued for private circulation only.
5. Scharff's History of Maryland, Vol. III.
6. "Cathedral Records," by Rev. Michael A. Reardon.
7. Gilmary Shea's History of the Church in the United States; Shea's Catholic Hierarchy."
8. Appendix to Darras's Church History, Vol. IV, by Rev. Charles I. White, D. D.
9. Cardinal Wiseman's "Last Four Popes."
10. "The Church in Western Maryland,"—Rev. Thomas J. Stanton.
11. O'Kane Murray's "Prose and Poetry of Ireland."
12. Personal Recollections of Rt. Rev. William E. Starr, Rector-Emeritus, Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore.
13. Researches of Rev. J. A. White, present Rector of Hickory, Md.
14. Recollections of Oldest Living Parishioners.
15. The author's own personal reminiscences, and traditions treasured up in his mind for years.
16. "The Catholic Cyclopedia."
17. "Chambers's Cyclopedia."
18. Vaughan's "Divine Armory."
19. History of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Some slight inaccuracies, especially as to chronological data, will no doubt be noticed, but they were unavoidable. For these and many other shortcomings in the work, the author asks the reader's kind forbearance.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Facing Page

St. Paul's Church and Environments, A. D. 1858..... 25
New St. Paul's (A. D. 1910), and Rectory..... 29
Very Rev. Henry B. Coskery, D. D., A. D. 1860..... 38
Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McManus..... 55
Rt. Rev. Augustine Verot, bishop of Savannah..... 58
Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, D. D., bishop of Detroit..... 63
Rev. Thomas F. O'Neill..... 63
Rt. Rev. Wm. E. Starr, A. D. 1910..... 70
Very Rev. John J. Dougherty..... 74
Rev. Peter Tarro, D. D..... 82
Rev. Michael A. Ryan..... 85
Interior—A. D. 1880 100
Interior—A. D. 1910 124
Rev. Dr. Coskery, A. D. 1871.....165
Rev. Wm. E. Starr, A. D. 1870.....176

APPENDICES.

Appendix A. Fathers Verot and Piot.....133
Was Father Piot a Sulpician?.....135
" B. Reverends B. J. McManus, and Mr. Todrig.....136
" C. The McMullen Family.....137
" D. Thomas Weld, Esq.....138
" E. The Jubilee Ode—"His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons".140
" F. Dedication Ode,—"Blessed Joan of Arc".....142
" G. Part I.—"Tidewater Canal."—Most Recent Phase.....143
Part II.—Houdon's Washington.....146
" H. Baptismal Roster—The Onthank Family; Mrs. Dr. Owings; The McAvoys.....149
" I. The Marriage Registry.....165
" J. The List of Converts.....170
" K. Necrology—Note—Conclusion 171
Donors:—Of Memorial Windows.....182
" Of Stations of the Cross.....182
" Of Statues and Other Accessories.....183

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
AND PARISH,
ELLICOTT CITY,
MARYLAND.

ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

A SKETCH.

By

BROTHER FABRICIAN OF JESUS,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,

ROCK HILL COLLEGE, MD.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
The Location	1
Early Catholic Days in Ellicott	6
"Along the Canal to Tidewater"	11
Old St. Paul's	25
New St. Paul's	29
Devoted Helpers	34
The Shepherds of the Flock	37
Very Reverend Henry B. Coskery	38
Reverend Bernard Sylvester Piot, S. S	43
Right Reverend Bernard J. McManus	55
Right Reverend Augustine Verot, S. S	58
Right Reverend John Foley, D. D	59
Reverend Thomas F. O'Neill	63
Right Reverend William E. Starr	70
Very Reverend John J. Dougherty	74
Reverend Peter Tarro, D. D	82
Reverend Michael A. Ryan	85
The Flock Itself	87
Priestly Sons and Religious	88
Some Noted Parishioners	101
Some Minor Lights	108
Old Time Church Picnics	114
The Old Church Registry	124
Some Noteworthy Features	126
Conclusion	129
A Godspeed	129

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

THE LOCATION.

Let us go back one hundred and forty years. "In 1772, three brothers, Joseph, John, and Andrew Ellicott, settled on the Patapsco river, in a place then known as "The Hollow," ten miles from Baltimore, and soon a town was built up around them. That town is today called Ellicott City. They bought a large tract of land. The purchase embraced the lands on both sides of the Patapsco for "four miles in extent, and included all the water-power within that distance, being two miles above, and two miles below the mill." (*)

"To conceive the country as it then stood, we must forget the clatter of mills and manufactories, the house-clusters in the vales, the cottage-dotted hills. Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke; and think that hill and dale were then covered with the forest primeval through which roamed the deer, and passed the Red Man on his fishing excursions. In the deep ravines lurked the wild cat. (†). In the Patapsco's waters disported the shad and the herring; on its banks basked the otter in the sun's rays. The whole valley was a wilderness covered with great trees, the growth of centuries. In near proximity, but on more open ground, great herds of deer and wild turkeys were often met. This remained a usual occurrence until the noise made by improvements in the neighborhood, the blasting of rocks, and other evidences of

(*) "Settlement of Ellicott's Mills"—by Martha E. Tyson.

(†) The Church is built on the banks of the "Wild Cat Branch," a small stream running for miles along the "New Cut Road," and emptying into "Tiber Creek," near the B. & O. R. R. Station. It was once the haunt of the wildcat, hence its name.

approaching civilization drove them from their haunts; but deer were killed in the vicinity until 1773."

"The enterprise of the Ellicott's soon changed the face of the whole scene. Industry progressed; the early settlers cultivated wheat in preference to tobacco; new colonies were formed, until the settlement took on the appearance of a thrifty town." (‡)

The Ellicotts were enlightened in their ways. Their education was rather of a scientific and practical, than of a classical turn. They were millers by profession, and had invented many devices for the better milling of wheat. George Ellicott, youngest son of Andrew, at the age of 17, surveyed and laid out the road from the mills to Baltimore, and further extended it on to Carroll Manor. These two roads, now known as Frederick Pike, eventually formed part of the old "National Pike" extending from New York city out to the "Golden West."

They had also built reservoirs at different points on their estates and, by means of wooden pipes, water from sparkling springs coursed by its own pressure to the homes in the little town below. Joseph Ellicott became famous by the invention of a musical clock; and several of his nephews were noted astronomers and mathematicians.

But notwithstanding all this, traditions current forty or fifty years ago, maintain that so imbued were the Ellicotts and their immediate descendants with old Latin ideas, that they gave to the new village, or at least its western section across the Patapsco and its environments, none but classical names taken largely from ancient Roman literature. The incipient town, straggling along a country road with its hilly sides, they named "Alba Longa;" the winding stream border-

(‡) MS. History of Rock Hill College.—Brother Azarias.

ing one side of this road was dignified with the title of "Tiber Creek," which name it still retains; the rocky cliff that overhangs the B. & O. Railroad a little above the Station was dubbed, "Tarpeian Rock;" while the quaint old cottage on the slope of the cliff, with its miniature turrets and fretted windows, was magnified into "Angelo Castle." It was just below a branch home of the founders, whose residence, higher up, fashioned after a modest Roman villa, was styled "Mount Ida."

So numerous were the inhabitants of this settlement becoming, that its founders realized the importance of establishing schools and churches for the intellectual and moral well-being of the rising generation. They established a school in the little town and paid for the services of a schoolmaster. But as time went on, the increasing age and numbers of the girls and boys compelled a division of this school, and in 1820, the male department was transferred to a separate building, the little stone house just beside the Presbyterian church on what now is Ellicott Street. The girls' school continued in its first quarters till 1829, when the Ellicotts donated eight acres of land for educational purposes, on which was erected an academy for young ladies known as "Patapsco Institute." This school flourished until the civil war in 1860, and grew famous as one of the most aristocratic boarding-schools in the South. After the war, it struggled on for some years, but eventually divided and gave rise to the now well-known institutions, Randolph-Harrison School, Baltimore, and the Washington Seminary for Young Ladies, Washington, D. C.

In 1824, the boys' school on Ellicott street was transferred to a large stone mansion on top of a low hill directly across the Tiber Creek on the banks of the Wild Cat Branch. Here it continued with fluctuating success until 1857, when it passed into the hands of the Christian Brothers, and has

since become famous as "Rock Hill College." Many of the leading men of Maryland received their early training within its walls.

The problem of furnishing schools for the town was easily solved; not so that of churches. The religious denominations within its precints were as diverse as the nationalties. The Ellicotts and their immediate followers were Quakres; most of the English settlers were Episcopalians; the Pennsylvania Dutch were either Presbyterians or Lutherns; and the Irish, along with the descendants of the leading Maryland families, were Catholics. With a broad-minded liberality that is truly commendable, the Ellicotts donated a plot of ground to each denomination for the erection thereon of a suitable temple of worship, and if need be, for a school also. Soon, the landscape was dotted with churches from whose spires on the quiet Sabbath morn and eve, issued silvery summons to every Christian heart to come together and jointly praise the Lord.

Strangest among these was the severely plain Quaker Meeting-House on top of Quaker Hill, directly opposite Rock Hill College on the west. A one-story building, fifteen by forty feet, scarcely twelve feet high, built of grey granite, with its sloping shingled roof, its four windows on each side with their white wooden shutters, its double-leafed white doors and stone steps, it still stands in fair condition, a quaint reminder of bygone days and of a religious denomination that has long since disappeared from this spot, but who impressed upon their fellow townsmen their thrift, their honesty, their peace-loving, God-fearing disposition. A few old landmarks within the town keep alive that people's memory:—the old stone flour-mill on the east side of the Patapsco on the Frederick Pike, dating back to 1809, the last sad remnant of the havoc wrought upon the place by the awful cloudburst in July, 1868; the old partially decayed storehouse just below

the present Gambrill's Mills; John Ellicott's stone mansions on the other side of the mill-race fifty yards above the new mill; "Mount Ida," built by William Ellicott, now the home of Miss Ida Tyson, situated on the slope of the hill overlooking the river and city; "Angelo Castle" (*) on the side of "Tarpeian Rock;" "Patapsco Institute," now a summer hotel, capping the hill just above "Mount Ida," and commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country; the quaint old Quaker Meeting House described above; the hoary graveyard adjoining, where lie the bones of most of the departed Ellicotts; the little stone house, on Ellicott Street, with its beetling Mansard, the first school for boys; the chapel-building and grand old oak of Rock Hill College; and lastly St. Paul's Catholic Church nearby. But now, what of St. Paul's?

(*) Built in 1833 by a French artist, who resided in the hotel next the B. & O. Station, till the "Castle" was completed.

Patapsco Hotel has been transformed into a superb private residence for Mrs. Lilly Tyson Elliott, a lineal descendant of the Ellicotts, and relict of the late Dr. Marshall Elliott.

Early Catholic Days in Ellicott's.

For fully a decade of years, if not more, before its erection into a parish, the spiritual needs of the Catholics in Ellicotts' Mills and vicinity were attended to either by the domestic chaplain of Charles Carroll, the great signer, at Doughoregan Manor, or by the Sulpician fathers from the then St. Mary's College, Baltimore, now the famous ecclesiastical seminary; or by some other clergymen from that city, who at irregular intervals visited the rapidly growing settlement, and administered to its wants. The only record of these times is contained in a stray leaflet found among the church's archives. Evidently, it is in the handwriting of Rev. H. B. Coskery, the first resident-pastor, who jotted down brief statements made to him by a Mr. John Fahey, at that time the oldest living parishoner of St. Paul's. This leaflet dates back to A. D. 1822, and runs as follows: "John Fahey arrived at Ellicotts' Mills in 1822. There were only three Catholics about the mills. Mr. Mooney, Mr. Airlocker (or Erlougher) and Mr. Jones, and a colored man named John Joyce. There was no church here of any sect, except the Quaker Meeting-house on Quaker Hill. The Catholics worshipped at the Manor, six miles distant. The first pastor was Reverend Timothy O'Brien, then Mr. Richmond, then Mr. Todrig, an Englishman, who was succeeded by Reverend H. B. Coskery. The Church was built by Mr. Coskery in 1836 or thereabouts, and the first baptism on the registry is in 1838." From items in the Baptismal Register dated 1839, and 1858, it appears that the famous Rev. Charles I. White, D. D., was for sometime in charge of the parish, and also the late H. F. Griffin.

The former is mentioned there as "Mr." White, by Father Coskery. (*)

Two statements, in this leaflet, are worthy of note. The first is that the four Catholics found in Ellicotts by Mr. Fahey, represented four different races, the Irish, the German, the American or English, and an African bearing the distinctively Celtic cognomen of John Joyce. (†) (God bless the mark!) This coincidence was but a presage of the future cosmopolitan character of the parish. The second, is the calling of Catholic clergymen by the title "Mr.;" even Doctor Coskery himself uses it in naming his fellow-priests. This custom was a lingering remnant of the days of persecution in pre-Revolutionary times and immediately after, when Catholics were forbidden by State law to erect anything outwardly resembling a church, and when it was dangerous for a Catholic clergyman to exercise publicly the functions of religion or be openly addressed as a Catholic priest—the title "Mr.," or sometimes "Rev. Mr.," being used as a cover to conceal his priestly character. The custom continued up till recent times, and was used largely by Catholics of English descent, and by emigrants from France.

The writer remembers distinctly, when he first came to Baltimore in 1871, how quite taken aback he was, when ladies of the Cathedral parish asked him, now and then, "If Mr. Dubreuil were at the Seminary;" or "if Mr. Coskery would sing High Mass;" or "if Mr. Ferté of St.

(*) Previous to 1822, the two following clergymen must have had some connection with any Catholics residing in Ellicott—"Rev. Mr. Periguy (Circ. 1806), Guardian of Public Library, Baltimore, and attending Carroll Manor" (Cathedral Records, P. 26); and "Rev. Roger Smith, rector of the Cathedral (1822-1833), who entered St. Mary's in 1808, was ordained in 1815, and then attended from St. Mary's Seminary, Hickory, Deer Creek, Douhoregan Manor, Long Green, and Pikesville." (Ibid, P. 54.)

(†) A freedman of Charles Carroll. His descendants still survive in vicinity of "the Manor."

Charles College had yet arrived;" or "if Mr. Lee would preach." Imagine the feelings awakened by such a title, in the heart of one with thoroughly Celtic Catholic training and environments, to whom every priest was truly a spiritual "Father," and to address whom otherwise, indicated to him a weakening of the Faith or a cowardly human respect. (‡) There is no reason why clergymen should not address one another in this wise, and it was common among Catholic clergymen in early days; but even when used by these, it sounded to genuine Catholic ears, cold and formal, and savoring wholly of Protestantism. To loyal Catholics the world over, especially to those whose ancestors have suffered the lash of religious persecution, the true priest will always be what the Irish peasant so tenderly styles him,—"Soggarth Aroon" (Priest Dear); or as the Poet Banim beautifully puts it:—

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon!
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon!
Came to my cabin-door,
And on my cabin-floor,
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon!

(‡) A clerical friend, presents a very satisfactory explanation of the practice. "There is another reason," he writes, "which I think more cogent. It is a custom in general use in all old Catholic countries on the continent of Europe to address the secular clergy in that way; the term 'Father' being reserved for the regulars. The influence of the French emigrés in England and America tended to perpetuate its use. The true reason for its use among Baltimoreans is, I am confident, to be found in the influence of St. Mary's Seminary. When I entered St. Charles's College and the Seminary in 1864 and 5, the Sulpitian priests insisted upon being 'Mistered.'"

It might be well to recall here that in strict ecclesiastical parlance, "Father" should be applied to one's confessor only,—"our ghostly father,"—and not to other clergymen.

The Cardinal still adheres to the old custom, addressing his subordinates as "Mr."

Who on the marriage-day,
  Soggarth Aroon!
Made the poor cabin gay,
  Soggarth Aroon!
And did laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring
At the poor christening,
  Soggarth Aroon!

Who as friend only met,
  Soggarth Aroon!
Never did flout me yet,
  Soggarth Aroon!
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
  Soggarth Aroon!

Thanks be to God, the strange custom has disappeared because of the floodtide of Catholic thought and sentiment in these happier days. We no longer call our clergymen "Mr. This" or "Mr. That;" we and they use the more significant and endearing title, "Father."

With the opening up of the Great National Pike in 1809-10-11, which runs through Ellicott under the name of the Frederick Pike, and with the development of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, there began a notable increase in the Catholic population of Ellicott's Mills and all along the route of the new rairoad from Batimore. The B. & O. was the first steam rairoad in the United States. It began in Baltimore in 1828, and at first terminated at Ellicott's Mills in 1830, but eventually wound its way, snakelike, for miles along the banks of the sinuous Patapsco, and thence on to Wheeling, W. Va., and eventually to St. Louis, Missouri. As most of the laborers building the road were Irish immigrants of the Catholic Faith, their spiritual well-being called for attention. Hence, a young,

active, devoted priest was needed to look after the rapidly increasing families in and around Ellicott. Such a priest was found in Reverend Henry B. Coskery, whose parish at first comprised nearly the whole of the present Howard County and a part of Anne Arundel County. Howard County had no legal existence at this time. It was then included in Anne Arundel County, from which it was cut off in 1851. This fact explains why so many of the old property deeds in Howard County make mention of Anne Arundel County, not of Howard.

"Along the Canal to Tidewater"

Several of the first pages of the old Baptismal Registry, dated 1839, contain a long list of names, almost entirely Irish, under the enigmatical heading "Along the Canal to Tidewater." Where was this canal? Where tidewater? Assuredly not nearer Ellicotts than the present Elkridge? But the canal? Can Dr. Coskery mean the Susquehanna Canal? At first sight, it appears almost impossible that the pastor at Ellicotts should have ministered to the spiritual needs of Catholics so far distant from St. Paul's, and even should he have done so, why record baptisms and marriages in our Church registry and not in those of stations more proximate! Here are puzzling questions. We request our readers to follow us step by step in our endeavors to solve this enigma. They will, we believe, find them replete with interest.

Scharff's History of Maryland, Vol. III, appears to solve the enigma: "Along the Canal to Tidewater" may possibly refer to the old Maryland Canal Co., organized in 1824 and 5 to carry out a proposed extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal from Georgetown, D. C., to the Eastern Branch of the Potomac to Bladensburg, Md., thence to the Patuxent, thence to Elkridge Landing, and thence along the west side of the Patapsco to Carroll's Point to tidewater. This project was the outcome of great popular agitation during these years for the opening of road and waterways out to the Great Western Lands beyond the Alleghanies and the Ohio. The people of Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, and Pennsylvania were so deeply interested in this matter, that they succeeded in getting Congress and the State Legislatures to

help finance the undertaking. The outcome of this widespread agitation was:—first, the opening up of the Great National Pike, or Road to Cumberland, discussed and planned in 1806, but not begun till 1810, and only partly finished in 1815—Jonathan Ellicott and his brother George were prominent in this work; second, the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal from Georgetown, D. C., up to Cumberland, Maryland.

But the project of extending that canal farther on so as to connect it with the Chesapeake Bay at tidewater, was found to be too expensive; and the work already begun on it, had to be dropped. A much cheaper and far more expeditious method of transportation to the West was undertaken by the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1828 at Baltimore, by the venerable Charles of Carrollton, the Great Signer, "amid unbounded popular rejoicings." Can this be the "Canal" mentioned in the Registry? Not likely; for the work begun on it, *if begun at all,* could not have proceeded far.

A simpler solution of the enigma than the foregoing, and one more readily acceptable, is suggested by a perusal of "The Rise and Progress of Ellicott's Mills" by John S. Tyson, Sr. This very interesting work is typewritten and bound, not printed, only a limited number of copies having been made and presented to the members both of the Ellicott and Tyson families who are related by marriage. Unfortunately, the date of its issuance is not given, and the story concludes about A. D. 1820. It was upon this copy, we presume, that Mrs. Martha Ellicott Tyson, based her pamphlet "The Early Settlement of Ellicott's Mills," read before the Maryland Historical Society; and published in 1871 as "Fund Publication, No. 4."

John Tyson's monograph speaks of "one-armed John"

Ellicott, son of the first John, and his steamboat speeding *along the canal* in front of his residence, in 1789. This was really the first steamboat ever invented in the United States, (*) and had not John Ellicott shortly after lost one of his arms by the explosion of its steamboiler, he would, in all likelihood, have perfected the invention and anticipated Robert Fulton by at least ten years. However, he demonstrated the principle that vessels could be propelled through water by steam. It was, then, along Ellicott's Canal that the first steamboat in America was propelled. This canal was nothing more than a ordinary mill-race, not quite a mile in length, and about fifteen feet wide, and six or eight feet deep. Now, as the Ellicotts, in course of time, had erected factories and mills at various points along the east bank of the Patapsco for fully twelve miles, extending from Hollifield (†) to Elkridge, and as these mills were run by water-power, mill-races or canals were built to divert the waters of the river into the mills; hence, with slight intervals, there was an almost continuous succession of these races from Hollifields to Elkridge, and as the homes of the mill and factory-hands were located all along these canals, this may have been what Father Coskery means by the heading "Along the Canal to Tidewater."

Incident to this, it may be interesting to note the location of these mills and factories. Hollofields, the present Alberton, was a flour mill at first, built by Joseph Ellicott; it subsequently became, and still remains, a cotton-factory; the pres-

(*) Both Cecil and Washington Counties, Md., claim this honor for James Ramsey (1785-6). See Stanton's Church in Western Maryland, Vol. 1. P. 123.

(†) Now Alberton, but previously Elysville. John Tyson spells it Hollifields;" the more recent orthography is "Hollofields," so named because of its broad level expanse at the foot of the Patapsco's hills.

ent Hollofields, one mile-and-a-half below Alberton, is now a small station on the B. & O. R. R.; (*) Union Factory, now Oella, was and is a cotton factory; at Granite, immediately adjacent to Ellicott's Mills, was once a nail factory, the first in the United States where headed nails were manufactured; this was destroyed in the awful flood of 1868, caused by a cloudburst on the Patapsco a little below Oella. This flood swept away that portion of the city that was situated aloug the pike adjacent to the river. The town has never fully recovered from the disaster. Next after Granite Nail Factory, came Ellicott's Mills; then, about a mile farther on down came Gray's Paper Factory, later on a cotton factory, but long since disused; a mile down yet, came Ilchester or "Thistle Cotton-mill," still in operation; then Orange Grove flour mill recently destroyed by fire, and now abandoned; down farther, another mill at Avalon, until we reach Elkridge, where the Ellicotts had erected an iron mill called Elkridge Furnace, for the making of iron bars and rods. During Revolutionary days, this mill furnished a large contingent of the Continental Army with those long, solidly-made swords once famous for their effective work in the battles of Monmouth and Cowpens.

But even this solution, while plausible, is open to grave objection. Why use the term "Canal," where the simpler title "Along East Side of Patapsco," would have been more definite and readily understood? Proceed we yet further; the solution is at hand.

After perusing the manuscript of this sketch, a judicious critic ventured the following solution: "I have always been

(*) Most likely the whole section here was called so, including Alberton; no mill of any kind has been at Hollofields for years back, if ever at all.

at a loss," he writes, "to understand the entries of baptisms and marriages in the Ellicott City register made by Father Coskery, as having taken place along the "Canal to Tidewater." Brother Fabrician's theory is a very plausible one; but there remains a fact which might merit consideration. There is actually a Tidewater Canal, out of commission now, I fancy, but with some business up to ten or fifteen years ago. It was constructed to fetch commodities around the falls of the Susquehanna which impede navigation above Port Deposit in Cecil County. This canal, I think, connected Havre de Grace at the head of the Chesapeake Bay with Columbia or some other Pennsylvania town. My theory used to be that Father Coskery's jurisdiction took in that part of Harford County, as there was no church at Havre de Grace until 1843 or 1844. Against this, however, is the fact that there was an old church at Hickory, near Belair, in Harford County. Indeed, Father Coskery was, I think, once in charge of that Mission. Now it would be strange that with a priest as near as Hickory, a matter of only twenty or more miles, Father Coskery should have gone as far as that to baptize and marry. There is, I confess, more of verisimilitude about Brother Fabrician's theory, but it would be well to take the other matter into account before committing oneself in print."—(See Appendix G.)

Researches made by Rev. J. A. White, now in charge of the mission at Hickory (A. D. 1910), help to support this latter suggested solution. "Our records," says Father White, "show that the Rev. Henry B. Coskery's first baptism here was on December 7th, 1834; whereas, the last baptism of Father Todrig, (*) his predecessor, was on September 28th,

(*) Recall here that Mr. Todrig also preceded Father Coskery at Ellicott. See Appendix B.

1834. So that evidently, Father Coskery took charge of the Hickory sometime between September 28th and December 7th, 1834. The last mention of him is in connection with a burial in September, 1839. He was certainly working here every year between 1834 and 1839. Moreover, all the records show that, while pastor here, he was at the same time baptizing and marrying and burying along the "Susquehanna Canal to Tide." He makes frequent mention of this canal, but with regard to Ellicott's Mills, he mentions not a word. In recording baptisms, etc., he speaks only of Hickory, Long Green (about 10 miles below Hickory), and the Susquehanna Canal! He was succeeded at Hickory by Rev. J. Reid."

"An old priest," continues Father White, "who has labored many years in this part of the country, and who has written a number of historical sketches on the early Catholic Missions here, tells me, that the 'Susquehanna Canal,' spoken of by Father Coskery, is the region about McCall's Ferry (about 12 or 14 miles above Hickory). If Coskery worked at Ellicott's from 1836 to 1839, the natural deduction seems to be that he had charge of Ellicott's and Hickory at the same time. Today, this certainly is an extraordinarly large territory for one priest. But the Cardinal told me last October that, at one time, the priest in charge of the Hickory, at the same time attended a church in Baltimore,—another large territory, is it not?"

This was not an unusual occurrence in early days. "The extent of the excursions made by each missionary covered a tract about 180 miles long by 35 broad" (Father Mosley quoted in Cathedral Records, P. 15). The saintly Dubois, when stationed at Frederick, Md., (circ. 1800) "made this last a center whence his pastoral visits extended to Emmitsburg, and Winchester, Va." (and no doubt took in Martinsburg, W. Va.,) "visiting remote points at imminent danger,

in all seasons and weathers." (Shea's "Hierarchy.")

My critic's opinion above referred to, therefore, backed up, as it is by Father White's researches, should be accepted, as the true solution of the enigma. And certainly it is the simplest and most tenable; the only misgiving as to its correctness that presents itself, our critic has already anticipated: "How explain why Father Coskery should insert baptisms and marriages along the Susquehanna Canal, in St. Paul's registry at Ellicotts, and not in that of Hickory,—two points so wide apart!"

In a communication subsequent to the foregoing, our critic aptly answers his own query. "In conversation, with Bishop Foley lately," he again writes, "he informed me that Father Coskery attended the Catholics at Ellicotts from Harford County.

"I had always thought just the contrary, that while living at Ellicott, he made excursions over into Harford County; and frequent entries occur in the old registers there of baptisms and marriages along the 'Susquehanna Canal to Tide.' Doubtless when Father Coskery went to reside at Ellicott, either he continued to go over to the 'Canal,' or what is more likely, he found that he had brought away from the Hickory with him, memoranda of baptisms, etc., which he entered at St. Paul's." Again, the Cardinal reiterated to Father Ryan recently his statements to Father White last October—that Father Coskery while pastor at Ellicott also took in Harford County.

We trust that we have not trespassed on the patience of our readers by devoting so much space in attempting to solve the mysterious heading "Along the Canal." We found the discussion one of absorbing interest, and teeming with information. But what an insight it affords of the unflagging

zeal, the indomitable energy, the heroic self-sacrifice of the early pioneer-priests in Maryland and many other parts of the United States. Recall the vast territory covered by these apostolic men, and remember, too, the total lack of traveling conveniences in those days, before railroads had extended beyond a few central points. The lumbering stage-coach, the crawling canal-boat, the uncertain sailing-vessel, the crude steamboat, the fatiguing horseback—such the only conveyances from point to point; and, then, how tedious and wearisome the journey! Picture to yourself these sturdy apostles, often without staff or scrip, trudging along the rough highways, tramping through woods, wading across streams, day after day, footsore and weary. See them again, more likely, mounted on horseback, traversing lonely mountain fastnesses, in search of some stray parishioner; passing whole days without food, depending upon a chance meal at some poor mountain cabin or hospitable farmhouse; but more frequently sitting beside a refreshing spring in a shady dingle off the roadside, munching contentedly some slices of dry bread for their noonday meal, and quaffing the limpid nectar from a hastily improvised rustic cup, or, like Gideon's men of old, snatching it up in the hollow of their hands. Happy they, if that meal they could garnish with a raw onion or an apple, or blackberries gathered from the bushes overhanging the spring.

"Such was often our mid-day repast," remarked the late Dean Connor of Clarksburg, W. Va., speaking of his early missionary life in the Alleghanies, and that of his fellow missionaries, the saintly Bishop Whelan, Fathers Parke and Hickey of Parkersburg, and the venerable Fitzpatrick and Cunningham and Malone. They were the last of the great race of pioneers. Assuredly, these men were "giants in their days," whose only passion seemed to be love for men's souls.

How puny we look beside these grand old patriarchs! how petty our efforts compared to their great deeds! Oh, let not their memory die out amongst us! Emblazon their deeds on the deathless tablets of fame! Recount unceasingly their virtues, so that their spirits may linger with us still, an inspiration to our younger clergy, a beacon-light to the faithful whose ancestors they ministered unto.

"They are gone—saintly men—and they sleep in their fame;
Shall we ever forget them? oh, never! no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down, "Christ's heroes forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the line of ages be sung,
Who on Columbia's fair hills, Christ's banner unfurled,
And the light of God's faith spread throughout the New World."(*)

In connection with this "Canal" another fact crops out relating to Elkridge.

Scharff also tells us that this town dates back to 1734, and was then known as Patapsco. Then and up to a more recent period, it was quite a flourishing river-port; for vessels of light draught sailed up the Patapsco and deposited their burdens on the docks at "Elkridge Landing," which name it subsequently assumed, from the number of elks found on the ridge of hills above it. The last one was killed there in 1791.

Moreover, many "Rolling Roads" throughout the adjoining districts all led to Elkridge, as to a common center. "Rolling Road" was the name commonly given to those country roads along which planters had their slaves roll hogsheads of tobacco on to Elkridge for shipment to London. The best known of these pikes is the present "Rolling Road" near Ellicott City, leading from "Upton" to "Relay." This road

(*) Adapted from Charles Sprague.

formerly began at Christopher Miller's Grist Mill, also called "Watermelon Patch" in Baltimore County, then direct to John Upton's farm, then extending to Frederick Road, then to the right of the terminus running toward Elkridge Landing. Another runs from Columbia P. O., on to Elkridge. At Elkridge, then, and down the west side of the Patapsco, no doubt, was another rapidly growing settlement demanding the ministrations of the new pastor of St. Paul's. This continued for about six years until a new church was erected at Elkridge in 1845, under the patronage of St. Augustine, and another at "Paradise," near Catonsville. These churches, undoubtedly, were attended by the priest at Ellicott, unitl they received their own resident pastors some years later. (†)

No definite record is given of the year in which Father Coskery first began his ministry at St. Paul's. It must have been in 1836, or earlier, for the title-deeds to the first church property bear this date, with the names of "Archbishop Eccleston and Henry B. Coskery on the one part, and John, son of Elias Ellicott, and Andrew Ellicott and his wife Emily, on the other part."

The negotiations that led up to the signing of these deeds must have reached back to 1835 or earlier yet, for the Catholics in the town and surrounding country had then become so numerous that Archbishop Eccleston decided to erect therein a regular parish and build a suitable church for their use with a permanent pastor attached. He gladly availed himself, therefore, of the generous offer of the Ellicotts named above, who presented the Catholics of the town two fine lots situated

(†) St. Augustine, Elkridge Landing, Corner Stone laid October 22nd, 1844. Dedicated Sunday, April 20th, 1845 Father Piot attended it from Ellicott Mills. Ellicotts and Elkridge were within Howard District, so-called. (See United States Catholic Magazine for the years 1844 and 1845.); also Shea's History of Church in the United States, Vol. II.

on the slope of a hill on the eastern bank of the Wild Cat Branch, for the nominal sum of five dollars. These lots extended from "Rock Street," now St. Paul Street, north to "Bank Street," which is now Maryland Avenue, at whose junction still stands the large, square stone-house known as "Old Patapsco Bank."

Father Coskery must have been the chief factor in agitating this movement and in bringing it to so happy a termination. He seems to have exerted a great personal influence over the Ellicotts, for he had been in the settlement scarcely a year, before he secured this valuable donation from that large-hearted Quaker family.

The section of territory on which the church now stands was then known as "West Ilchester," extending from Bonnie Branch to Wild Cat Branch. Ilchester proper was the home of George Ellicott and his immediate descendants until it was sold to the Redemptorists Fathers in 1866, by the second George Ellicott. His only daughter, Mrs. Pattie Tyson Haines, was the mother of Mrs. Beulah Ellicott Hunt.

The name Ilchester recalls the birthplace of Roger Bacon, (*) the great Franciscan scientist of the thirteenth century. The present "River Road" that now crosses the Patapsco just below the "Thistle Mills," at that time continued its way along the eastern side of the river on to Elkridge. On the bank of the Patapsco at this point and directly across from the present Ilchester College, stood a neat frame Presbyterian church cared for by a pastor from Ellicott's. Both road and church were swept away by the flood of 1868. The Redemptorist chapel at Ilchester eventually supplied the religious needs of many Catholics in that vicinity who formerly attended St. Paul's.

(*) See Chambers' Encyclopedia.

There is a conflict between the traditions as to when the church was first begun. In the leaflet previously referred to, Mr. John Fahey says that the church was begun about the year 1836; but in another leaflet written in the tremulous scrawl of a venerable grand-dame named Matilda Gray, she states that the "Catholic Church was built in the October of 1837. My son-in-law, Andrew McKelvey, gave five dollars to help build it to Father Cosgry (Coskery)." This written statement was given to the late Father Doughtery while pastor here (1873-1883), and Mrs. Gray was then the oldest living parishioner of St. Paul's. She was not a descendant, as might be inferred from similarity of names, of those Grays who in the early part of 1800 bought land from the Ellicotts one mile below the town and erected first a paper factory, subsequently a cotton factory, ever since known as "Gray's Mill." She was a most charitable woman, and a devoted Catholic, whose long life of eighty-eight years reflected great credit on the church. Her name appears in the baptismal and marriage records of early days, and time and again is she recorded therein as sponsor for many grandchildren named "Cramlett." (*) The church registry, however, states definitely that St. Paul's was blessed December 13th, 1838; and a stone in the belfry-tower also bears this date. This, of course, ends all misgivings as to the year of the church's completion, but still leaves open to conjecture the date of its foundation and the length of time elapsed in its erection.

Here another interesting question arises. Where did the Catholics of this town hold public worship pending the erection of the new church? It is not at all likely that they continued to travel up to Carroll Manor, as Mr. Fahey tells us they did in 1822 and subsequently. They must have had,

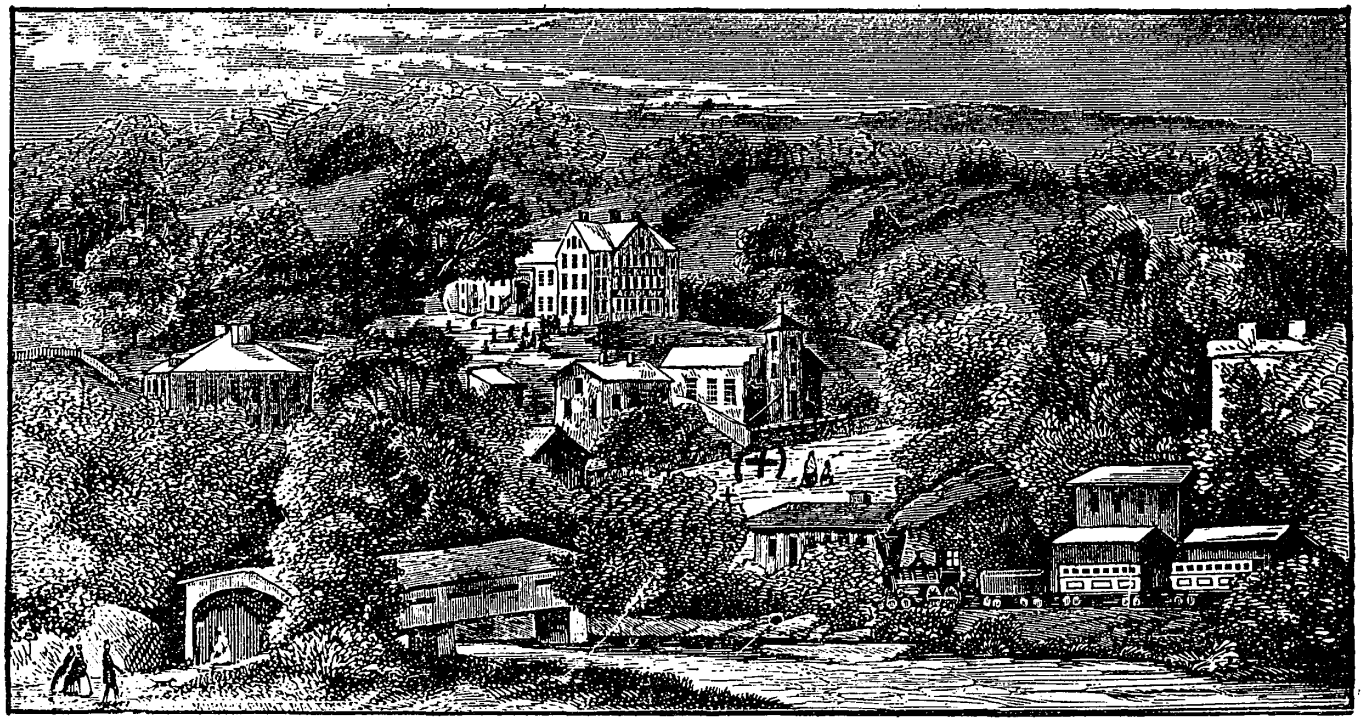
(*) Cramblitt is the correct form.

eventually, some more central spot for this purpose. But where was this spot? Tradition tells us that Father Coskery resided at Castle Angelo for sometime before the new church was completed, and his successor for at least six years after; for the registry informs us that "the parsonage was begun in the spring of 1844, and completed on November 27th, of the same year." The coupling of these two statements, inclines one to believe that the Catholics in Ellicott and immediate vicinity first worshipped at Castle Angelo, the largest room of which, with its cathedral-like window, being used as a temporary chapel. It was this belief that led the late pastor, Father Tarro, some years ago, to urge the Catholics of St. Paul's to purchase that quaint little structure, and preserve it as a venerable relic of early Catholicity in this region. The French artist who built it was most likely a Catholic. Doubtless he often housed Father Coskery here during his regular visits, and induced him to have Mass said there for the convenience of the people, until the church was built. Father Coskery may have eventually rented the Castle for his home, and possibly Father Piot. At this writing, it is impossible to substantiate these conjectures.

In 1861, the ground occupied by the church was increased by the addition of two other lots on the east and the west of the building respectively. These were purchased, one from Victor J. Diffey, the other from George Ellicott. This George Ellicott was the son of the first George, so prominent in the early development of the town, and was also cousin of the John, and nephew of the Andrew, mentioned in the first title-deeds of the church. He becomes of interest here as the ancestor of the Catholic branch of the Ellicotts, his wife, Barbara Agnes, daughter of Captain John Peterson, of Calvert County, having been a Catholic, and all his children, although

he himself never embraced the Faith.

Mr. George Ellicott was a gentleman of broad mind, generous almost to extremes, thrifty and energetic. He was familiarly known as the "Swearing Member" of the Quaker Brethren, because of his frequent use of a very common American expletive. For this offence he was eventually expelled from the Quaker Meetings. He accepted the humiliation philosophically, remarking laconically, "They may expel me from the Meeting, but I'll be damned if they can knock the Quaker out of me." An amusing incident is told of him that is thoroughly characteristic of the man. On the occasion of the visit of Archbishop Kenrick to examine the new property, Mr. Ellicott was invited to dine with him. Next day, while strolling along Main street, Ellicott was met by many friends, who asked him what the Archbishop thought of the new property. In his usual blunt manner, Ellicott replied, "He says its a *damn* fine piece of property." "What!" returned his questioners, "did the Archbishop say 'damn?'" "No; he didn't exactly say 'damn,'" responded George, "but all the same, he said it was a *damn* fine piece of property." And that was all they could get out of the "Swearing Member."



(✢) ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ELLICOTT CITY, A. D. 1858

OLD ST. PAU'LS.

Leaving the nebulous zone of conjecture, come we now to the regions of certainty.

The new church rapidly reached completion and was dedicated on December 13th, 1838, by Archbishop Eccleston. It was built of gray granite from the quarry a short distance below the town on the B. & O. railroad. Its dimensions are sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and, counting the under story, thirty feet high. The lower story is a large open room thirty feet by forty, lighted by four large windows. It was first used for a Sunday-school, then for a small parish school, but is now occupied as a lodge-room by the Catholic Benevolent Legion. The main auditorium or church proper is on the second floor and consisted in the beginning of a large open hall sixty by thirty, with a plain flat ceiling twenty feet above and eight rectangular windows, ten by four feet, four on each side. These were of the old style cottage-windows with diamond shaped panes of glass painted white. They were divided into four equal compartments, the upper portions turning outwards on pivots at the side, the under portions swinging inward on hinges. They have since been replaced by stained glass windows of the most modern type. The altar was at the eastern end of the church and consisted of a neat wooden closed-in table surmounted by a tabernacle flanked on each side by three small wooden steps. All was painted in white, tipped with gold. Above hung a large oil painting in gilded frame, depicting the public confession of the apostle Thomas's faith in his newly-risen Savior. On each side of the main altar were shrines for the Blessed

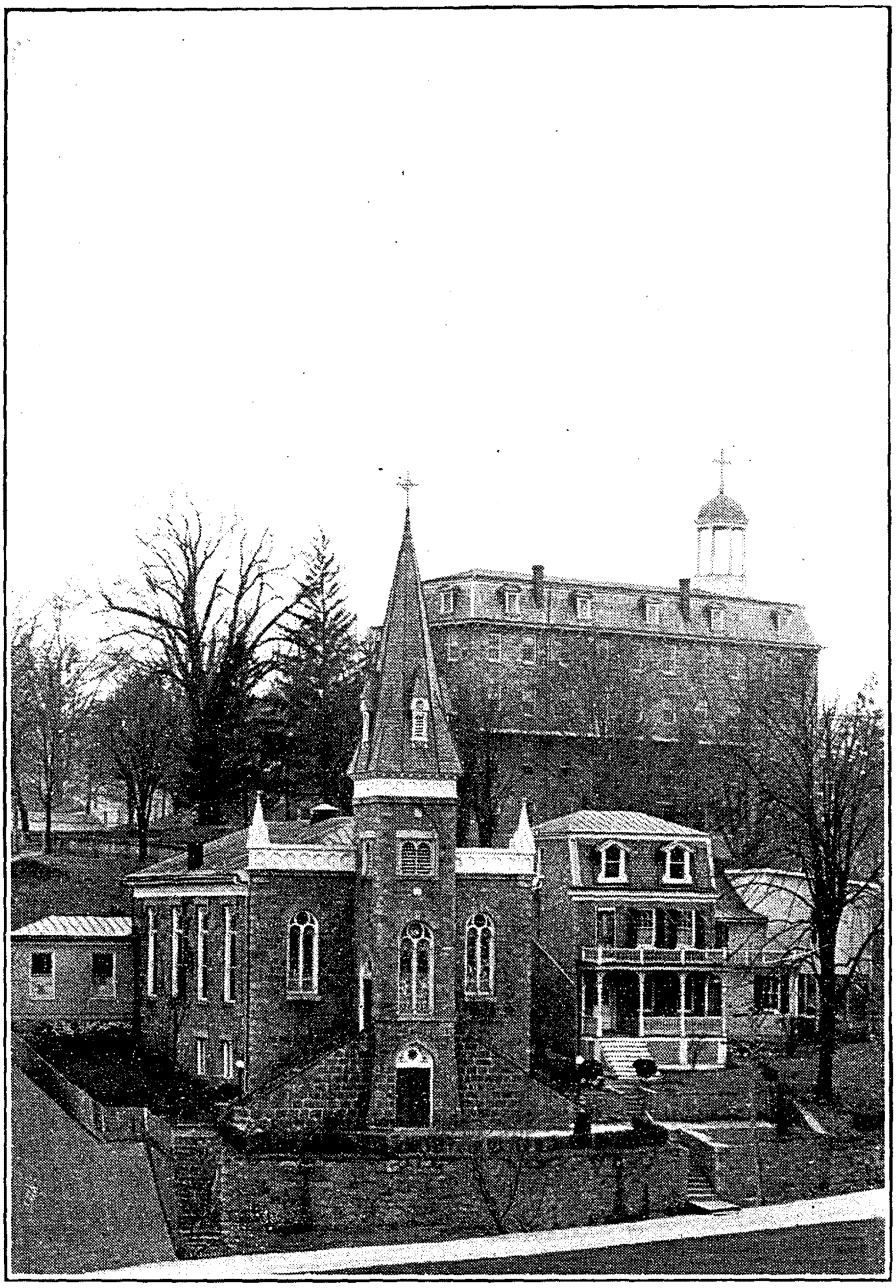
Virgin and St. Paul the Apostle, statues of whom were supported by strong wooden brackets springing from the walls ten feet above the floor. These statues were of wood painted white, and were of almost heroic mould, entirely out of proportion to the size of the church. That of St. Paul, with its stern countenance, flowing beard, and massive sword, was somewhat impressive; but that of the Blessed Mother was anything but devotional. It was the image of an Amazon, bold, masculine, defiant, with hair dressed in the fashion of a hundred years ago. The wags of the parish irreverently styled it "Old Queen Bess," and in truth the name was quite appropriate. It was more of a hindrance than a help to piety, yet its presence dominated the entire room. The walls of the church were unpainted, but down each side were large framed colored prints of the Stations of the Cross. The pews were of the old-fashioned box-type with high backs and swinging doors. They were painted a dark brown. Straight across the back of the auditorium stretched a gallery ten feet wide and about eight or ten feet above the floor. Leading up to this was a wooden staircase on the right of the entrance, while on the left was an old-time confessional. The gallery was for the exclusive use of the colored members of the congregation, and for the village choir, at whose service was a large reed organ. The entrance to both stories of the building was through a stone belfry ten feet square, with a door in center for the basement floor, while two stone stairways led up to doors on each side of the tower for admission to the church proper. A square room, six by six, lighted by a large window, served as a vestibule. On each side of the swinging doors opening into the church, were two quaint holy-water fonts or marble bowls resting on low wooden pillars painted brown. The belfry rose above the slanting

roof of the church not more than ten or twelve feet. It had openings on three sides as outlets for the sounds of the bell, and was surmounted by a plain gilt cross. During the winter months, the church was heated by two high sheet-iron stoves placed midway on each side of the room. Suspended from the ceiling at equal distances from each other, were two large bronze chandeliers supporting coal-oil lamps, to be used at the evening services, which seldom took place at night except during the Lenten season. In the beginning, there was no regular sacristy. The priest vested most probably at a table on the right side, and the vestments and altar ornaments were stored on shelves behind the altar.

Such was old St. Paul's as the writer first beheld it in 1871, and for many years after. But a former old time resident carries us back still farther. He writes:—"There were no side altars originally. They were placed there in 1871, by Father Starr. The confessional, a single-sided affair, stood under the statue of the B. Virginia. Father Starr had a double-sided confessional placed under the gallery to the left of the door, or more probably removed the old one thither. The traditions, too, in my day were that the statues spoken of were imported from France and were the gift of Bernard U. Campbell. That of our Blessed Lady was hideous. A wretched baptismal font stood in the corner to the left of the door, but was removed to make way for the confessional. Baptism during my day was administered in the sacristy."

In another place, he adds: "When Father Starr took charge in April, 1870, there were the remains of what once was a superb lustre or glass chandelier,—a most elaborate affair. It hung from the centre of the ceiling and was firmly clamped to the rafters. It doubtless dated from the days of spermacetti or wax candles, before coal oil had come into

use. No ingenuity could have adapted it to the use of coal oil. Father Starr had it removed, and the two bronze chandeliers mentioned above hung in its place. I recall the makeshifts we had to employ when we undertook to have May services at night." "In my day," he concludes, "the Confession of St. Thomas was not in the church at all, but in the narrow passage way which gives entrance to the Brothers' chapel, leaning against the church wall. A circular window over the altar was a stained glass picture of St. Paul, the Apostle. It was by no means a masterpiece, and the dazzling light which fell through St. Paul's garments was so disconcerting to the people in the front pews during the early Masses, that Father Starr had it boarded over. Besides, it interfered with any attempt at effective decoration of the altar—the glare quite obscuring the light of the candles.—*Ignotus.*



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
A. D. 1910

THE NEW ST. PAUL'S.

The new St. Paul's! Is it proper to call that new which is substantially the same? And yet, should the spirits of its departed founders "revisit these glimpses of the moon," they would hardly recognize the mystic shrine at which they first bent knee, so changed and beautified has it become since last thereat they worshipped. The first great improvement was the erection of the apse at the eastern end of the original building, with a sacristy on the left, and on the right, a chapel for the use of the students of Rock Hill College, which had been opened but two years previously. This was in 1859. Turning to the church records, we read: "In August, 1859, the addition was commenced, and was completed in November of the same year. The addition consisted of a new sanctuary, a chapel for one hundred and fifty boys, a sacristy, and twenty new pews in the body of the church; also a marble altar costing $160.00, lamp, and altar ornaments. The addition was made under the direction of Mr. Samuel E. Adams of Baltimore. It was a frame structure, the upper portion of the apse being covered with stucco on the exterior. Its entire cost was about $1,800.00, raised by subscriptions, fairs, raffles, begging, scratching every place a cent could be found, and some others besides. The church thus renovated, was reopened on Sunday, the 30th of October, with the Forty Hours' Devotion. High Mass was sung by the Very Reverend H. B. Coskery, proto-pastor, the sermon preached by the pastor, Reverend John Foley." (*) The new apse was twenty feet front, twelve feet deep, and about sixteen feet

(*) Rev. John Foley's entry in the Registry.

high, the floor being about one foot above that of the main auditorium, from which it was separated by an arch above, and a wooden chancel-railing below. Two double doors, seven by five, on each side, open, one into the sacristy, the other into the students' chapel. This latter is familiarly known as the "Sweat Box," because of the intense heat suffered therein by the College boys during the sultry days of May, June, and early September. It is a frame structure, thirty feet long by fifteen wide, and eleven feet high. It is lighted by two large windows on the west side, and three on the east. The entrance is by a door back of the apse. Long old-fashioned settees raised in tiers serve instead of pews, with a long closed-in kneeling-bench at the back, for the use of the Brothers in charge of the College. This chapel can accommodate scarcely one hundred persons.

The new altar, of marble, was austere in its simplicity. It stood on a platform about two feet above the floor, to which two marble steps led up. The base consisted of three slabs of white marble highly polished, the central slab receding about one inch behind the two side slabs. On its face, midways, was the raised monogram "I. H. S." in antique wooden letters highly gilded. Surmounting this, was a plain tabernacle with two miniature buttresses at the front corners, a plain marble slab on hinges for a door, the roof being flat with molded edges. On either side were three marble steps, each four inches high. Flanking the table of the altar, were two rectangular marble pedestals on which rested the statues of adoring angels, in plaster. Before the apse was built, on the wall directly above the altar hung a large oil painting with gilded frame portraying the Apostle Thomas's confession of faith in his newly-risen Savior. This painting is still preserved in the pastoral residence. The candelabra were of

German silver, highly polished, and fashioned after designs much in vogue in Colonial days. Portions of them may still be seen in the church sacristy, but are so defaced as to be unfit for use. If touched up, they would be highly prized by lovers of the antique. The crucifix was of silver also. It stood about two and a-half feet high, on a rectangular base, with a sub-base of two small steps. The cross itself was about one inch thick, and very plain; but the figure of the Savior, the inscription at top, and the death's head and bones on front of base, were all in highly polished brass. The altar vases were either of china, cut glass or richly carved alabaster. The sanctuary lamp was in keeping with the candelabra. The body of it was bowl-shaped suspended from a small dome-like cap by three chains of broad round links, from which the glass lamp proper was suspended by smaller chains. The whole was lowered or raised by means of self-acting weights and pulleys. From these details, it will be seen that, while St. Paul's was not a wealthy congregation, yet they gave of their best for the keeping and adorning of God's house, in which they displayed rare good taste. But why all these details about that which has long since passed away? To our elders, these particulars will bring back memories of scenes and events the most prescious in their lives; while they will help the present generation to realize the progress that St. Paul's has made in these later years under the prudent and energetic direction of its recent pastors;—for all of which, they should be duly grateful.

Slowly the years rolled on; pastors came and went; the people loved and wooed and wedded; they educated their children, blessed their grand-children, and then "were gathered unto their fathers." The quaint little church on the hillside was the scene of many a wedding and baptism, of many a

First Communion and Confirmation; and often too, its walls re-echoed the last sad dirges for some departed soul. Through it all the structure remained intact, within and without, only an occasional re-frescoing or the addition of some new altar ornament, breaking the even tenor of its appearance. During the pastorate of Father Starr, the interior was again renovated. The changes, characteristic of the man, were very tasteful and appropriate. The walls were re-frescoed, the pews re-painted, new chandeliers suspended, new stations of the cross erected; side-altars of wood, in white and gold, introduced; while in the sacristy, a new large vestment-case and closets for the altar ornaments, replaced the older ones. But it was during the long and brilliant pastorate of Father Tarro, that St. Paul's underwent a complete transformation, inside and out. These changes were made gradually, so as not to press too heavily upon the scant resources of the parish. First came the rebuilding of the main altar. Panels of Scotch marble were inserted in the base and side pedestals, and the central panel was adorned with a brilliant brass monogram "I. H. S.," in high relief, surmounted by the cross. The small steps each side of the tabernacle were removed, and rerer-dos of white and red marble replaced them. On the door of the tabernacle, a raised chalice and host was fixed, of shining brass; while over the sacred receptacle, a neat baldachino in white marble, surmounted by a cross, completed the happy transformation. The new altar was solidified by stanch supports, the older one having been "a mere shell." (*) The chancel floor was then tiled, and the altar steps improved. The statues of the adoring angels were replaced by two massive candelabra, and the antique sanctuary-lamp gave way to one of polished gilt of the most modern type. Following

(*) Father Tano.

this improvement, came others in rapid succession:—New windows of cathedral—rolled glass of appropriate design delicately tinted; new flooring, new wainscoting and pews and confessional and baptistry, all in white oak; the gallery improved and a new imitation pipe organ installed; the sanctuary was enlarged, two marble side altars erected, as also a brass chancel-railing, a niche for the statue of the Sacred Heart (*) was arranged back of the main altar above the tabernacle, with new statues of the Blessed Virgin and Sts. Joseph and Anthony; a new steel ceiling of chaste design, and the introduction of electric lights with brazen brackets along the side walls of the church; two windows opened on either side of the front tower, and filled with stained glass; and a graceful spire with gilded Celtic cross rising about one hundred feet above the earth, capped the improvements put through by this energetic pastor. Shortly before his resignation, he had succeeded in purchasing new Stations of the Cross in raised papier-mache framed in white oak, but had not the pleasure of erecting them before his departure to other fields of labor. This happiness was one of the first functions performed by his worthy successor. On his arrival at St. Paul's, Father Tarro found it a neat country church, fairly comfortable but antiquated; he left it one of the best equipped churches outside the larger cities of the Archdiocese.

His successor, Rev. M. A. Ryan, has, in the two years of his present incumbency, continued the good work. Recently he has had the entire interior repainted by first class artists, who have exhibited exquisite taste in the adornment, so that today the little church may be justly called a gem of beauty.

(*) Both niche and confessional and bapistry were designed and executed by Mr. Joseph Ells.

DEVOTED HELPERS.

Fitting and proper is it to put on record a grateful remembrance of those who for many a year devoted hours of their valuable time to the adornment of the Sanctuary, the service of the choir, the care of the Sunday-School, or the maintenance of the church societies. Among these may be noted the following:—"One venerable figure emerges from the shadowy past with a special claim upon the gratitude of St. Paul's congregation. Others did good work, noble work for the honor of God and the beauty of his house; but there was one so regular, so assiduous, so devoted to the humble role she had taken upon herself, that no account of St. Paul's sanctuary would be adequate or complete with the name of Mrs. Mary Richmond omitted. Through winter's cold and summer's heat, rain or shine, early and late, her portly figure could be seen trudging the road between her home and the church, carrying on her arm a heavy basket containing the altar linens and the priest's vestments all beautifully laundered and ordered by her own hands. Down one hill and up another, year in and year out, with ever a cheerful smile and kind word of neighborly greeting, her presence shedding a benediction as she passed by, she could be seen wending her way to her self-imposed task of loving labor in the sanctuary of her Lord. How she loved it! Peace to her soul, and green be her memory in the annals of St. Paul's!" (*)

Mr. Joseph A. Ells, Sr., from boyhood up, has ever been most closely identified with St. Paul's, sparing neither time

(*) Ignotus.

nor labor nor means, to assist in every movement for the betterment of the church and parish. In every improvement made in the church in recent years, his skill and handiwork may be easily traced, from the days when as a sanctuary-boy, he dug out the cellar back of the basement of the church in order to erect a stage for the church entertainments, up to his latest improvements for electric lighting about the high altar. He executed the niche for the Sacred Heart, designed the memorial windows, paid for tiling the Sanctuary, donated the marble cruet stand, designed and executed the confessional and baptistry, and in conjunction with John O'Brien, Jr., improved the choir gallery.

"Among the members of the choir of St. Paul's whose services antedated my advent at Ellicott City, that is, before 1870, were:

"Dr. Samuel A. Keene, a member of the well known Keene family of Dorchester County. His wife was Miss Nora Applegarth, also of Dorchester, and a sister of former State Senator William F. Applegarth.

"Mr. Matthias Blackhead, whose wife was Miss Margaret Ray of Ellicott's. His daughter, Miss Virginia Blackhead, is the present organist of Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, and a star graduate of the Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore.

"Mrs. Henry A. Wootton, whose beautiful mezzo-soprano voice made the services at St. Paul's a treat to all lovers of sacred melody. She was also a devoted helper about the Sanctuary for years.

"The Mellen sisters, the Misses Elizabeth, Rosalie and Kate, who sang at St. Paul's until their departure from Ellicott's. Their sister, Mary, became the wife of Owen Donnelly, the well known builder of Catholic Churches and other public

edifices in Washington. His name occurs among those baptized at Ellicott City.

"Mrs. Alexander Jones, née Margaret Ells, who was most assiduous in her services for every good that concerned the welfare of the church,—the sanctuary, the choir, the Sunday-School. How pleasantly we recall her opening solo, "Glory," at the early mass on Christmas mornings, accompanied on the violin or cornet by good Brother Luke (R. I. P.).

"Doubtless, recollections are still extant of others who helped to make the public offices of the church beautiful and solemn.—(Ignotus.)

Antedating all these, was Miss McGarrell, who regularly, in Father Verot's time, walked all the way from Catonsville to Ellicott's to preside at the organ at the monthly or bi-monthly mass in St. Paul's.

Among the most prominent of these helpers in more recent days may be noted the Onthanks, the Merricks, the McMullens, the Heaveys, the Reynolds, the Kirbys, the Mulligans, the Wallenhorsts, the Martins, the Hendricks, the Truehearts, the Van Lills, the O'Briens, the Loughrans, the Butkes, the McKenzies, the Temminks, the Powers, the Potts, the Stiglers, the Bachs, the Burkes, the Kavanaughs, the Mahons, Mrs. Joseph Ells, the Malones, the Holdens, the Foleys, and Miss Victorine Murphy, who now cares for the sacred linens with a devotion similar to that of Mrs. Mary Richmond, so heartily commended elsewhere.

THE SHEPHERDS OF THE FLOCK.

It is doubtful if there be another church of the same size and circumstances in the province of Baltimore, that has such a notable muster-roll of pastors as St. Paul's. A flock that, out of its ten pastors, can point to two bishops, two Monsignors, two Vicars-General, and others whose qualifications merited the offer of similar dignities, but whose modesty declined the honors, surely has reason to be proud of its shepherds. Each and all were men of exceptional character, whose sterling qualities of mind and heart, won for them deserved recognition from their ecclesiastical superiors; and so frequently did this occur, that St. Paul's pastorate came eventually to be looked upon as "a stepping-stone to higher things."

But who were these worthy shepherds? The church records are very meager in facts concerning them, but the writer knew all but two of them personally, and of these two he has learned more traditions than of any of the others.

tion into the bleeding wounds and broken heart." He was as humble as a child, as sympathetic as a mother. Yet he could be stern when duty demanded it. Totally unselfish, his purse was ever open to the needy, and so unmindful of his own needs was he, that when he died, the sum total of his worldly wealth was but *thirty-two cents* found in his vest-pocket at the time of his death. This incident speaks volumes. He was truly indeed the "Soggarth Aroon." He had been rector of the Cathedral for twenty-nine years; and had been stationed there for thirty-three.

Dr. Coskery was in reality the founder of the Christian Brothers in the United States, and also of Rock Hill College. The Rev. Charles I. White claimed the first honor as his, because when pastor of St. Vincent's, he had, in 1844, accompanied two young men from Baltimore to the Brothers' Novitiate at Montreal, Canada, with the understanding that they or substitutes were to be returned in order to take charge of the boys' school of the Cathedral parish. This was accordingly done; but when Brothers Francis and Edward returned to Baltimore in 1845, Dr. Coskery was rector of the Cathedral and was ever after the staunch friend and mainstay of the new academy that had been opened by him in "Old Calvert Hall." Subsequently, when the number of students increased beyond the accommodations, it was Dr. Coskery that suggested the transfer of the larger students to a boarding-school outside of Baltimore; and he it was that selected the site and negotiated in 1857 the purchase of the Acadamy for boys called "Sam's Rock," long since known as Rock Hill College.

All through his career, as Vicar-General up to the very day of his death, he was in truth "the Father of the Brothers," and his name is still held in benediction among them.

Father Coskery's photograph here reproduced was taken in 1871. The background represents the rear of the Cardinal's House looking toward the Cathedral. It was specially arranged, as seen in the photo, by the artist for taking a picture of his Grace, Archbishop Spalding. Immediately after, Vicar-General Coskery's photo was taken. Copies of these two pictures may still be found in many homes in Baltimore.

This photo recalls interesting incidents in the lives of these two venerable men. Before the extension of the Cathedral Sanctuary by Cardinal Gibbons, there existed a large garden space between the house and the Cathedral. Leading to and from these, there was a wide brick-paved walk. On each side of this walk were three fragments of basaltic columns from the Giant's Causeway, County Antrim, Ireland. Now, as is well known, these columns are polygonal in shape, no two being alike, and fashioned by nature in sections so arranged that the top of the under section is concave and the bottom of the uppen section is convex, and fitting so closely into each other that you can scarcely introduce the point of a knife between. These stones in the Archbishop's garden were often used as rustic seats, their concave tops serving the purpose admirably. The scholarly Spalding used to delight in persuading some unsuspecting young sanctuary boy to sit on one of these stones, especially after a shower of rain, when the hollow tops were partly filled with water, promising him that whatever he wished while so seated he would surely obtain. But when the innocent victim of the Archbishop's joke would ask Spalding what to wish for, His Grace would gleefully advise him to wish that the seat of his knickerbockers would dry quickly. Did Father Coskery happen along on such occasions, his motherly kindness of heart would never allow the joke to go too far; but after gently chiding His Grace for

imposing on the credulity of the little one, he would prevent the child from sitting in the watery hollow. These two grand old patriarchs were exceedingly fond of children, especially of boys.

As an illustration of Father Coskery's broadmindedness and off-hand manner of dealing with men, we recount here the following incident heard from the lips of one of the actors. Friend Claggett would occasionally enter the Cathedral in the early part of some Saturday afternoon to prepare for confession to Father Coskery, before the evening rush was on. After due examination, Claggett, a busy man of extensive commercial affairs, would frequently discover that he had nothing of importance to confess, and consequently hesitated about entering the confessional. In the meantime, the venerable priest, esconced midways between two confessionals, and somewhat oppressed with the sultry weather, would drop into a quiet doze, from which he was ofttimes aroused by an unusual heavy bob of his large grey head. Rubbing his eyes and bestirring himself, Father Coskery would quickly draw aside the confessional curtain, and looking out into the almost vacant church, would spy Friend Claggett in a pew nearby. "Hello! Claggett, is that you?" Coskery would call out in half undertones. "Yes, Father, this is me," responded Claggett. "Come in here, Sir, and make your confession," continued Coskery. "Really, Father, I've nothing of importance to confess," returned Claggett. "Nothing of importance to confess! Tut, tut, man: you just go right outside at once, do something wrong, and come back here and confess it. *The sacrament must have some matter to work on, you know!*" And then he would settle back in his box for another quiet doze, only to be awakened therefrom by the sharp whisper of old Mrs. Collins, God rest her soul! the cranky

cook of the Brothers of Calvert Hall, or by some other oddity of humanity.

Friend Claggett failed to inform us whether or not he obeyed Father Coskery's injunction; but he naively added that when he did have something of importance to confess, he fought shy of Father Coskery, for he knew too well, that he would get "Hail Columbia" from him: but he slipped down to good old Father Myers at St. Vincent's, who usually "straightened out his tangles" for him.

REV. B. S. PIOT, S. S. (1839-1851).

"I succeeded Rev. H. B. Coskery in the charge of St. Paul's Congregation in the last days of November, 1839, and left on the 20th of November, 1851." It is in these brief terms that Father Piot records his long pastorate of twelve years. The words breathe forth the modesty and humility that always distinguished this devoted priest. He was a member of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, (*) first stationed at St. Mary's Seminary, from which he was appointed pastor of the then new St. Paul's, at Ellicott Mills, where he labored long and zealously for both the spiritual and temporal well-being of his little flock.

On resigning his charge in 1851, (†) he withdrew to the recently opened St. Charles College, where he remained, except for a few short intervals, till his death in 1882, aged seventy-five.

It may be well to recall here the fact that the Sulpician Fathers were instituted exclusively to train candidates for the priesthood; their rules and constitutions forbid them to take charge of parishes, because it would interfere with their destined vocation. But in the early days of Catholicity in the United States, the exigencies of the church called for a temporary setting-aside of this fundamental prescription, and the Sulpicians, though strongly reluctant to waive this point at the urgent entreaties of Archbishop Carroll, were at least loyal enough to bow to Rome's request. Hence the reason why Sulpician Fathers sometimes figure as Vicars General, assistant-pastors of the Cathedral, Baltimore, and as curés of some

(*) See Appendix A.

(†) "I think that he then made a long visit to France."—Ignotus.

other parishes in the diocese, in these days of transition and formation.

We learn from very good authority that upon the restoration of the church in France under Napoleon I. (A. D. 1801), the Sulpicians in Baltimore were bent upon returning to France, "and it was only after repeated requests and petitions to Romè itself, that they were ordered to remain and go on with their secular college (St. Mary's) at Baltimore." (*)

It was but natural that these French exiles should long to return to their mother-country and help rebuild that sadly-stricken church, but their departure from Baltimore at that time, would have been an awful blow to the nascent American church and would, no doubt, have changed the whole course of our ecclesiastical history. St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, (A. D. 1791) with what may properly be called its offshoots,—St. Mary's, Emmitsburg (A. D. 1808), and St. Mary's, Bardstown (A. D. 1811), exerted an incalculable influence in the upbuilding and future development of the church in this country. (†)

This religious Congregation has given to the Church in the United States two illustrious archbishops of Baltimore, Marechal and Eccleston, besides several other bishops—Dubois, Flaget, David, Dubourg, Chance, Verot, and a host of saintly priests and prelates among its graduates, such as Badin and Gallitzin, Bruté and Fenwick (B. J.), not to mention others. (cf.—Catholic Cyclopedia, under respective headings.) To their eternal credit as trainers of priests, be it recorded that they have long since made the clergy of the Baltimore diocese the most edifying body of ecclesiastics in America.

(*) Ignotus.

(†) These were founded by Sulpicians, Dubois and Flaget, and were directed for years by Sulpician graduates. Even old Georgetown had, at times, Sulpician presidents and pofessors.—Shea's "Hierarchy."

No better testimony to the zeal of Father Piot can be given than the simple record of the pastorate he himself has left us in his own handwriting in the old church Registry. It speaks for itself. Here it is:—"The organ was bought in December, 1839, for the sum of 360 dollars—(*I think*)."

"The burying-ground was bought in 1841, for the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Bell got for St. Paul's on Holy Saturday, the 15th of April, 1843. Placed in steeple Feb'y 9th, 1844. Cast at Albany, N. Y., for $172. It weighs 555 lbs., at 28c. per lb., besides the yoke."

"The priest's house was commenced in the Spring of 1844 and inhabited the 27th of November the same year, the first story only being finished.

"St. Augustin's Church (Elkridge) blessed April 20th, 1845."

"The stone wall and two flights of steps in front of the church lot were built in the Summer of 1846, and cost 288 dollars."

"The stone steps going up to the church were built in the beginning of 1847, and cost about 290 dollars.

"Statues of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Paul placed in the church November 15th, 1851, and blessed the next day. Presented by B. U. Campbell, Esq." These statues have already been described. They were made of wood, painted white. They were imported from France. They are still in existence in the basement of the church. There are still some old-time wooden statues in many parts of the country, notably in the Cathedral, Baltimore,—the adoring angels on each side of the high altar, and two angels just within the main entrance, which are certainly very imposing. Moreover, the writer recalls statements made to him in his boyhood days by his parents that the famous gothic monu-

ment to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh, Scotland, was entirely of wood. A picture of it hung in the dining-room of the writer's home. From these facts, it would appear to have been a common practice at this time to carve statues out of wood. This may possibly have been the fashion of the times, but may more likely be accounted for because of the poverty of our churches in the beginning, wooden statues being more durable and less costly than those of plaster or marble. More likely still, it may be accounted for by the fact that sculptors in stone were very few in America, Story and Crawford being the most noted. Certainly, most of the sculpture of this period in our country was very crude, specimens of which, like the "Columbus" and "Civilization" groups at the front of the National Capitol in Washington, still mar that building's stately facade.

The most noted work in marble of these early days is Houdon's famous statue of Washington in the State House, Richmond, Va., worldwide attention to which has recently been called by the presentation of a replica of it in bronze to the French Republic by the State of Virginia on August 28, 1910. Aside from its intrinsic artistic excellence, Houdon's Washington is invaluable because it was copied from life, and is therefore a genuine likeness of Washington in his prime. The countenance differs greatly from that of the more widely-known painting by Gilbert Stuart, portraying "Pater Patriæ" in his old age. Houdon's was the first statue ever erected to the "Father of his Country," and was set up to his memory by the Commonwealth of Virginia. Many replicas have been made of it, one of which in plaster by Hubbard was purchased by the Federal Government in ante-bellum days, and stood for years in the southwest corner of the National Statuary Hall, or old House of Representatives in Washington, until replaced not many years ago by Valentine's

bronze reproduction of Houdon's masterwork as a companion-piece to the statue of Robert E. Lee. Hubbard's replica now stands in the Rotunda of the Capitol. Some maintain that it is Houdon's model in wood, not Hubbard's plaster-work, presented to the National Government by the Assembly of Virginia after the completion of the work in marble. Such has always been the writer's impression acquired by a frequent inspection of the statue during the writer's long residence of nearly twelve years in the "City of Magnificent Distances." But reports obtained from the National Library of Congress fail to support this view. (*)

It is said that Houdon at first desired Washington to pose as an ancient Roman senator with tunic, toga and sandals, but the "Father of his Country" positively refused, insisting on being represented as a general of the Continental Army. Thanks to the good judgment of our first President over the classic fancies of the Gallic artist, posterity has been spared the infliction of another sculptured anachronism like that of Greenough's Washington standing in front of the Capitol at the Nation's metropolis, the impropriety of which was once quaintly expressed by a visiting Frenchman, who, gazing at it with evident disgust, exclaimed:—"Pauvre America, no riche enoof to buy Vashington a shirt!"

The donor of St. Paul's two statues was B. U. Campbell, Esq., a noted Catholic of those times, a fuller account of whom will be given later on.

But the rocord of Father Piot's work is not yet exhuasted. The foregoing items deal exclusively with the material development of the parish. That he was keenly alive to the upbuilding of the spiritual side of his flock, the following notes will prove:—

(*) See Appendix G. (Part II.)

"First Spiritual Retreat by Father McElroy, S. J., given in St. Paul's from Saturday evening, the 24th of September, 1842, till the following Thursday (September 29th), when it was continued until the 2nd of October by Rev. Jno. P. Donelan, of St. Matthew's, Washington, D. C.

"Second Retreat by Rev. Father McElroy, S. J., alone, commenced on Sunday, the 21st of September, 1845, and terminated on the following Sunday, the 28th of September."

"Third Retreat by the Rev. Jno. P. Donelan, commenced on the 12th of September, 1847, in the evening, and terminated on the following Sunday. Four converts were received.

"Fourth Retreat by the Rev. J. P. Donelan, commenced on the 10th of September, 1848, in the evening, and ended on the 17th. One convert received."

The Father McElroy referred to above was the famous old Jesuit missionary who accomplished so much good for the Church in the early part of the nineteenth century, and died not many years since after having passed his ninety-sixth milestone on the road to Heaven. Rev. John P. Donelan, the founder of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, was one of the most noted pulpit orators of his day, ranking with such celebrities as the famous Bishop England of Charleston, and the polished and versatile Rev. Constantine Pise. Father Donelan was also an author, his chief work being "My Trip to France," which enjoyed wide popularity in its day.

Appended to the notes concerning the Spiritual Retreats is another one remarkable in itself and worthy of extended notice. It is written in Latin by Father Piot: the translation is as follows: "To the Greater Glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, I, Bernard Sylvester Piot, pastor of St. Paul's Church, testify that Elizabeth Dougherty, a girl of this congregation, born at Union Factory (now Oella), was twice cured suddenly after many prayers

had been poured forth to God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin conceived without sin. The first cure took place on the 20th of December in the year 1843; and the second on the day of the Assumption of the Glorious Virgin, 1845."

As another evidence of his activity, we find the following entry in the Registry, "Collected funds for St. Paul's, in Alleghany County, Md." Those who know of the vast extent of the country lying between Ellicott City and Cumberland, will appreciate the extensiveness of this good man's zeal.

The following word-picture of Father Piot drawn by one who, while a pupil at St. Charles in the early 80's, knew the venerable ecclesiastic, will be all the more appreciated, since there is no portrait of him in existence, nor as Father McKenny writes, "we doubt much if Father Piot ever had his likeness taken. I knew him," he adds; "he certainly was a character."

"Father Piot," says Rev. Thomas Stanton, "was a cultured gentleman, a pious and learned priest. He was very much admired during his missionary career in Western Maryland, although he is remembered as a very sensitive man, nervous, and at times apt to be severe and censorious. * * * He was strictly opposed to negro slavery, and he deplored and censured the rapidity with which it was spreading in what is now known as Garrett County. He was zealous in instructing slaves in his parish, and always exceedingly kind in his treatment of them." (*) These last statements of Father Stanton are further confirmed by the large number of entries of baptisms and marriages and conversions of colored people by Father Piot, recorded in St. Paul's old Church Registry.

"He was also an ardent temperance advocate," continues Father Stanton, "and often preached strong sermons against

(*) "The Church in Western Maryland." Vol. I, P. 260 et al.

excessive use of alcoholic liquors. When Father Matthew, the Apostle of Temperance, visited America, Father Piot entertained him at Ellicott City, and accompanied him to Washington, where the great priest received high honors."

An evidence of Father Piot's zeal in the cause of total abstinence in Ellicott's is furnished by the long record of names in the Church Registry under the heading "St. Paul's Temperance Society." Aside from the pleasure of meeting here fellow Catholics largely of Irish birth or descent, as well as ardent disciples in the great cause he was advocating, Father Matthew must have found Ellicott's Mills additionally agreeable from the fact of its having been a Quaker Colony, for "it was a Quaker, William Martin, that induced him to take up the temperance cause." (*)

The "high honors" conferred on Father Matthew may be summarized as follows: Grieved at the ravages intemperance was making in this country, Archbishop Kenrick, then bishop of Philadelphia, invited Father Matthew to make a tour of the United States in 1849. He did so in July of that year, "visited the principal cities of the Union, everywhere receiving a royal welcome and giving the pledge to thousands of citizens of all creeds." On his arrival in Washington, D. C., in the following December, the House of Representatives unanimously voted him all the "rights of the floor," and the Senate, almost unanimously, gave him a seat within its "Bar" during his sojourn at the Nation's Capital. This honor had been granted only to one other foreigner previously to this time—that man being Lafayette. President Fillmore, on this occasion, tendered a state dinner to Matthew, in the White House, at which fifty of the most prominent Americans, lay and clerical, assisted, among them being good Father Piot.

(*) J. F. Maguire's "Theobold Matthew."

"At this dinner," remarked the leading journals of the day, "although the table was furnished with the choicest wines, not one of the guests touched a drop of the liquor through respect for the 'Apostle of Temperance.'" But let us return to Stanton's word-picture. "Perhaps Father Piot is the best remembered of all the pioneer priests of Maryland," continues he; "at any rate, he is remembered by all the present generation of priests who studied their classics at St. Charles College." * * * "To the two hundred students who, day after day, noticed the emaciated, little old priest, with a few straggling white hairs, sunken eyes, and wasted frame, slowly moving from the chapel to his room, or quietly walking in sunny weather on the upper portico, there was the appearance of mystery that we feel when brought in contact with relics of the past. Every one wondered and felt curious enough to inquire who is the old man that moves along as noiselessly as Hamlet's ghost?"

"Where did he come from? Where did he work in the dreamy past? As the spring days of 1882 were lengthening into summer, the word was passed from one student to another that poor old Father Piot was dying. At spiritual reading one bright Sunday evening, the prayers of the community were asked for the good old priest, who had that afternoon received the last rites of the Church. Before receiving the Holy Viaticum, Father Piot, with that humility which ever characterizes true sanctity, asked pardon for all the scandal he had given to the professors and students during his sojourn at the College, and requested all to ask for him the grace of perseverance. There was scarcely a dry eye among the little band of priests kneeling by his bedside. The Very Rev. Father Dennis, president of the College, administered Holy Viaticum, and the sacrament of Extreme Unction. He anointed the tired old feet, which nearly fifty years before

had gone on many a long journey to prepare for death the dying; he anointed the old shrunken hands, so often lifted in fervent prayer; and the poor old eyes so often dazzled by the midnight lightning flash on the mountain paths leading to the cabin of some poor parishoner. And last of all, he repeated that sweet prayer of the ritual:—May thy habitation be in peace and thy abode in Sion, and may the angels receive thee at thy coming."

"Father Piot's funeral," continues Stanton, who evidently was present at it, "took place from the chapel of St. Charles College, thence to Ellicott City, where his remains were buried. An unsual circumstance of the funreal was the attendance of nearly two hundred young students, all candidates for the holy priesthood. The procession moved slowly down the old National Pike; when it reached the little stone bridge (so familiar to all old St. Charles men), the students separated into two lines on either side of the road, whilst the clergy and the remains of Father Piot moved on. As the students turned their faces homeward, the thought flashed through the minds of many: 'This is the parting between the old and the young priesthood of America."

"Father Piot was a great success," concludes Stanton; "his whole priesthood was laborious and hidden from the eyes of the world. This may account to some extent for the high degree of sanctity which he attained. He was never in a position requiring brilliant display of talents: nevertheless, he was blessed with mental endowments of no ordinary degree. It has been well said, 'That there is the same kind of similarity between virtue shaded by private life and shining forth in a public one, as there is between a candle carried aloft in the open air and one enclosed in a lantern; in the former place it gives more light, but in the latter place it is in less danger of being blown out.'"

"Father Piot was the author of two modest volumes:

"Considerations on the World?

Dedicated to the pious congregation of St. Paul's Church, Ellicott City, Md."

"Considerations on the Holy Priesthood?"

"It was his custon for years to give a copy of this last to every young priest on the day of his ordination. It was said that in order to keep up this custom, he, towards the last of his life, sold his library and expended the proceeds for a new edition."

"There is a droll story told of him, that being very much annoyed at his mass by the quacking of ducks under the chapel windows, he offered to buy the ducks from the procuator of St. Charles to be given to the students to eat. The sale accomplished and the ducks dispatched, the procurator at once bought a new flock of ducks, to the old man's unspeakable disgust. The old man was accustomed for the same reason to go about the neighborhood of the chapel in the springtime, and with a long stick poke down the nests where the fledglings were peeping and chippering for food. An indignant student who witnessed this performance upon one occasion, expressed the hope that some day the old gentleman would poke down a nest of particularly lively hornets." (*)

Father Piot has been credited with the following "bon mot:"

"Mr. Piot," said one of the Lucas firm of publishers, well known in Baltimore, "knock out your I, and you'd be a pot," "Umph," was the dry response, "take away your Luc (luck), and you'd be an "ass", (as).

The ashes of this saintly missionary repose in St. Paul's Cemetery on the old National Pike, on the outskirts of Ellicott's. It was his dying wish to be buried among the people

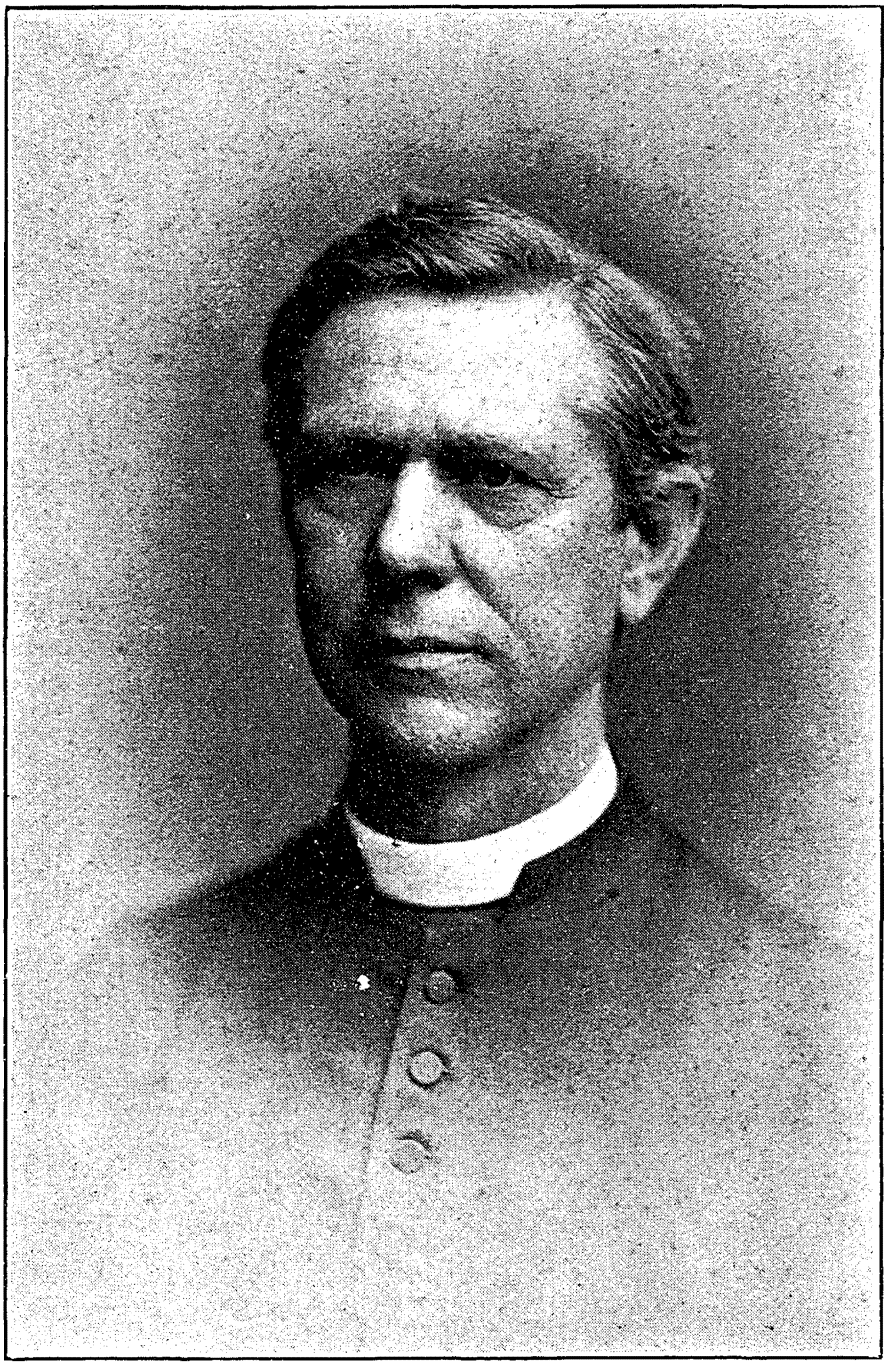
(*) Ignotus.

he so tenderly loved and for whom he had labored so long and zealously. A plain, heavy granite slab, resting on red brick supports, marks the spot, on the top of a knoll just above the little run that courses midway through the grounds.

"O weary champion of the Cross, lie still;
Sleep thou at length the all-embracing sleep;
Long was thy sowing-day, rest now and reap;
Thy fast was long, feast now thy spirit's fill;
Yea, take thy fill of love, because thy will
Chose love, not in the shallows, but in the deep;
Thy tides were spring-tides, set against the neap
Of calmer souls: thy flood rebuked their rill.
Now night has come to thee, please God, of rest;
So some time must it come to every man;
To first and last, where many last are first.
Now fixed and furnished thine eternal plan;
Thy best has done its best, thy worst its worst:
Thy best its best, please God, thy best its best." (*)

In close proximity, lie the remains of some of the grandest Christian Brothers that ever wore the habit of St. La Salle,—Brothers Urban, Cornelius Paul, Matthew, Ibric, Florence-Joseph, with no stone or cross, or mark of any kind whatever to indicate their last resting place.

(*) C. G. Rossetti on Cardinal Newman.



REV. B. J. McMANUS
A. D. 1880

REV. BERNARD J. McMANUS (1851-1853).

On the 18th of November, 1851, Father Piot's resignation of St. Paul's pastorate was accepted, and Rev. Bernard J. McManus, rector of St. Mary's, Rockville, Montgomery County, was appointed to succeed him. His tenure of office at St. Paul's was so brief that he could do little else than confirm and continue the good work of his predecessor. In 1853, he was transferred to St. Peter's Church, Washington, and eventually to the pastorate of St. John's, Baltimore, which he held for thirty-five years, dying there in the February of 1888. There is no record of his work at St. Paul's save a list of marriages and baptisms, to which his signature is attached.

Father McManus was another living copy of the "Soggarth Aroon." He was a cleric of the old school that produced such apostles as "good Father Dolan," of old St. Patrick's; Father Myers, of old St. Vincent's, Baltimore, and the venerable Dr. Coskery. McManus was not a brilliant man. His strength lay in his clear, sound judgment. He was a wise counselor, a prudent and successful executive. No one was more loved and esteemed by both clergy and laity than he. Verily indeed was he a "father" to young priests, who instinctively turned to him for guidance in every crisis in their clerical career. His home was ever open to the distressed, his charity, almost boundless.

When Archbishop Bayley assumed charge of the Baltimore diocese, it was hoped by many that he would select Father McManus as his Vicar-General; but to the suprise of everybody, "he did a most unusual thing—made the Superior of the Seminary his Vicar-General. It was withstood a long time by the Superior General of St. Sulpice at Paris, whose con-

sent, most reluctantly given, was due to the Archbishop's representation that his choice was narrowed down to Fathers McColgan and McManus, and he was unwilling to appoint either of these because he did not want to wound the susceptibilities of the other. He, therefore, to every one's surprise, selected the Very Rev. John Paul Dubreuil, S. S." (*)

This was the third or fourth time in the history of the Baltimore diocese that a Superior of St. Mary's Seminary was chosen as Vicar-General, Dubourg, and Deluol, and Damphoux, possibly some others, preceding Dubreuil. (†)

It was an open secret at the time that on Bayley's visit to Europe for his health, Father McManus accompanying, it was largely due to McManus's advice that Bayley chose for his coadjutor the then young bishop of Richmond, now His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Time has demonstrated repeatedly the wisdom of that choice, for history will declare that the episcopate of Cardinal Gibbons has been the most illustrious in the annals of the American Church. Between the Cardinal and McManus, the tenderest affection existed—an esteem and love covering almost two entire lives. "My soul is knit to the soul of Father McManus, as the souls of David and Jonathan were knit together," said the Cardinal one day to the late Rev. Louis A. Morgan. While in rank His Eminence was McManus's superior, he ever looked up to the latter with all the affection and reverence of a dutiful son to a worthy and venerable father; and, no doubt, one of the happiest events in His Eminence's life was the day that he prevailed over the humility of McManus and persuaded him to accept at his hands the dignity and insignia of a Roman Prelate.

The truest monument to Mgr. McManus's memory is the

(*) Ignotus.
(†) cf. Cathedral Records, pp. 25, 53; also Souvenir—St. Mary's Seminary, p. 38.

splendid financial and spiritual condition in which he left his parish at the time of his death. "When he first took charge of it, there was practically no St. John's parish at that time. A chapel within the tanyard of Mr. Crey, known as "Crey's Chapel," did duty for Crey's German Catholic employees and such others as lived in that vicinity. Afterwards, in the late forties and early fifties, a small chapel on Valley street was served by the Rev. George Flaut, of apostolic memory. Father McManus organized the parish of St. John the Evangelist and built the Church." (*)

Twice, if not three times, was it divided into new parishes during McManus's rule. He renovated, enlarged and enriched with works of religious art the venerable edifice, built parish schools for both boys and girls, and took charge of the Home for the Little Sisters of the Poor. But more precious than these was the sound Catholic, religious tone he gave to his parish, his love for children, and the large number of candidates for the priesthood that owe their success in life to his help and direction. No other parish in the Archdiocese has sent more men to the sacred ministry than St. John's, Baltimore.

Mazarin used to say of the young Louis XIV that he had stuff in him to make four kings. May we not say of McManus that he had the stuff in him to make four bishops?

(*) Ignotus.

RT. REV. AUGUSTINE VEROT, S. S. (1853-1858).

Again another Sulpician takes hold of the helm of the little ship, and for five years guides it safely through calm waters, past many a hidden shoal, until his Lord High Admiral transferred him to pilot a much larger vessel coursing through perilous seas. Father Verot assumed charge of St. Paul's on February 24th, 1853, and retained it till his departure for Florida in May, 1858, as bishop of Danabe, in partibus infidelium, and Vicar Apostolic of Florida. He was eventually elevated to the See of Savannah, Georgia, where he died in 1876. During these five years the name of the late venerable Father Griffin appears several times on the Baptismal Register. Most likely he replaced Father Verot during occasional absences from home. Father Verot's pastorate was but a repetition of Father Piot's, if not in the material line, at least in the spiritual. He was a humble, saintly religious, self-sacrificing, and entirely devoted to the salvation of souls. The writer cherishes as some of the most precious memories of his life the many occasions he served the Mass of this venerable prelate in the Cathedral of Baltimore, during the frequent visits there of that lowly Bishop of Savannah. Archbishop Hughes of New York had endeavored to secure him for head of his new Seminary in 1851.

In the Church Registry there is but one record of a business transaction by Father Verot, and that is a loan of two hundred dollars from Mr. Joseph Kuhn for the purchase of a new graveyard in 1857. But the best memorial to his zeal is the long list of converts and of lapsed Catholics that he brought into the true fold. He spoke and wrote well. He composed one of the best Cathechisms ever published in this country.

RT. REV. BISHOP VEROT, D. D.

First Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla.

RT. REV. JOHN S. FOLEY, D. D. (1858-1864).

"On May 22, 1858, I left St. Bridget's, Canton, and took charge of St. Paul's, Ellicott Mills, and kept it till——" So writes Father Foley in the Registry. He retained charge of St. Paul's till January, 1864, when he was transferred "to St. Peter's, Baltimore, whence he undertook the building of St. Martin's Church, the corner-stone of which was laid in the mid-summer of 1865." He labored here for nearly thirty years, and by his energy and remarkable business tact he built up that grand parish, and on his promotion to the episcopate, left it one of the best equipped in the diocese. On the resignation of Bishop Borgess of Detroit in 1887, the clergy of that diocese were so impressed with the ability of Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, late Bishop of Chicago, that they petitioned their ecclesiastical superiors to give them the deceased bishop's brother, Rev. John Foley, of St. Martin's, Baltimore, for their new chief. This was certainly a splendid compliment not only to Father Foley, but to the entire clergy of the Primatial See. Rome readily assented to the request, and Rev. John S. Foley, D. D., was consecrated Bishop of Detroit in Baltimore Cathedral, November 4, 1888, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, a life-long friend.

Bishop Foley is the youngest of the four Foley Brothers who figured so prominently in the commercial and Catholic life in Baltimore from the 50's till the 90's,—Daniel, Matthew, Thomas and John. Their parents emigrated from Enniscorthy, Ireland, to America in 1817, and settled in the Cathedral parish, Baltimore, where the three youngest brothers were born and educated. Their grandfather had fought valiantly at the battle of Vinegar Hill, and seems to have

transmitted a goodly share of his sturdy energy to his American grandsons. Daniel and Matthew Foley engaged in commercial life and eventually commanded the esteem and confidence of the leading merchants of Baltimore. They were lifelong members of the Cathedral parish, filling for years the functions of its trustees. Thomas and John selected the ecclesiastical career, and certainly have distinguished themselves both as priests and bishops. In their day they were considered the finest specimens of manly beauty in all Maryland. Nor were they undeserving of the reputation. Six feet tall and over, with splendidly developed physiques, clear ruddy countenances, coal black hair, and dark Irish blue eyes, they were the admiration of all who saw them. "Tom, the Magnificent; John, the Beautiful," such was the compliment paid them. "Whenever Father Tom proceeds to sing High Mass or Vespers, you'd think it was a god that was walking forth," was the remark once made to the writer by a daily worshiper at the Cathedral in 1868 and 1869. Thomas had been there for over twenty years, either as chancellor or vicar-general, until his consecration as Bishop of Chicago in 1870. An intimation of that coming honor was given him on the occasion of the presentation to Archbishop Spalding of a jeweled miter by the students of Calvert Hall, on the Archbishop's return from the Vatican Council in 1870. After thanking the boys for their gift and greetings, the Metropolitan called Father Tom before him, and playfully placing the miter on the priest's head, told him publicly that he would soon wear a miter of his own.

Both Father Thomas and Father John Foley were as much loved by their parishioners as they were admired. Their happy, genial natures, their large-mindedness, their open-hearted charity, their unpretentious manners, won all hearts. It was a common saying among household domestics that

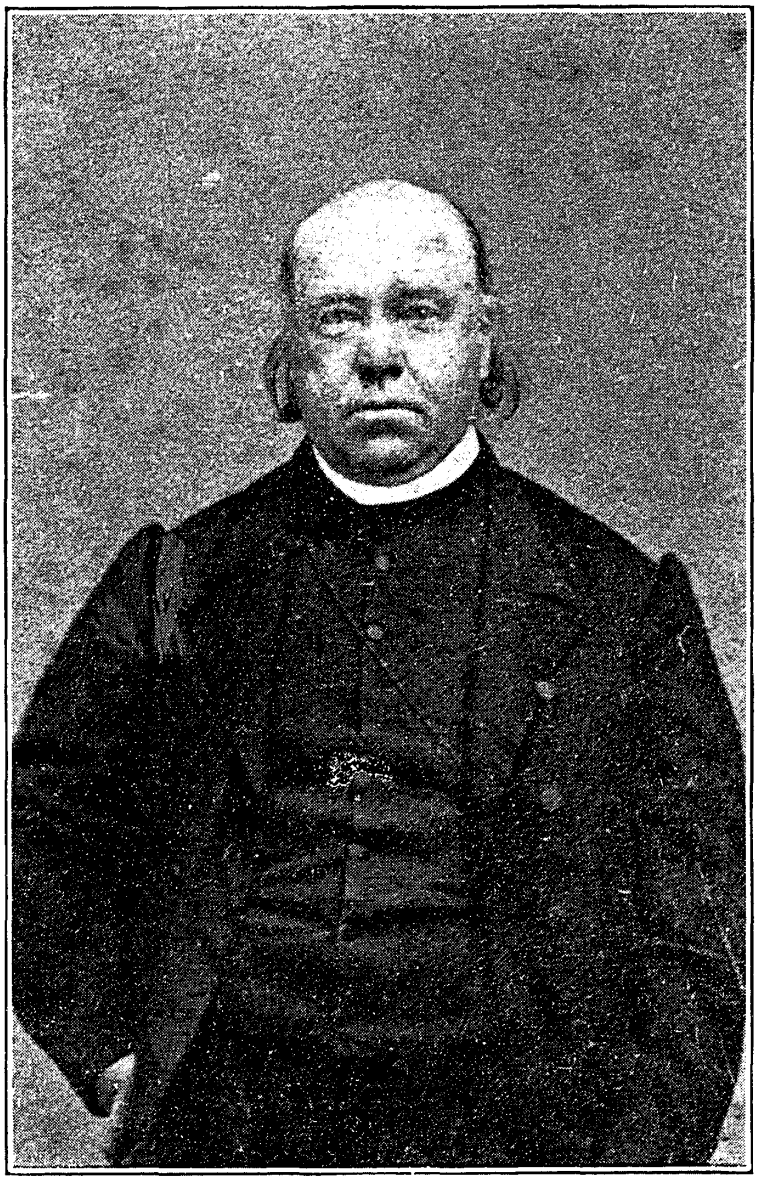
REV. THOS. FOLEY, D. D.
A. D. 1868

there were "no airs about Father Tom; whenever he came to visit the big folks, he never forgets to run down to the kitchen to see us nobodies, and to slip a coin, now and then, into our hands." And the same can be said of Father John, also. To have given two bishops to the Church from one family is certainly an exceptional honor; but those who knew that family and its venerable heads declare that it was richly deserved because of their staunch loyalty to church and country.

And with the exception of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons's, no episcopal consecrations ever held in Baltimore Cathedral met with more genuine and widespread approval than those of the two Foley brothers. We remember distinctly the thrill that shot through the vast assembly gathered to witness Father Tom's consecration, when as, vested with cope and miter, he stepped forth from the Sanctuary at the close of the ceremony to give his first episcopal blessing, he passed directly to the pew occupied by his venerable mother, took her in his arms, kissed her tenderly, then laid his hands upon her head, and gave her his blessing previously to all others. Father John did not enjoy that extraordinary satisfaction, for at the time of his consecration, his mother had passed to her heavenly reward. This love for their mother was a notable feature in the character of these two priests; and it may be well to recall here the circumstances that it was while making arrangements to erect a suitable family monument in Bonnie Brae Cemetery, or some other improvement around their parents' graves, that Bishop Thomas Foley contracted the pneumonia from which he died shortly after, in February 19, 1879 (*). Bishop John Foley still lives, governing a large

(*) It was currently reported in the Journals of the day that he contracted pneumonia as stated above, and died from it. An intimate friend of the Bishop's writes us that he thinks the Bishop died from intestinal disorders, attributed to the escape of sewer gas in his bed-chamber.

and populous diocese with remarkable ability, a splendid testimonial to which was recently given by the citizens of Detroit, irrespective of religious denominations. The shadows from the mountains of eternity are slowly lengthening over him; soon he shall fail to answer "adsum" to Life's roll-call; but we doubt if he ever had happier days than those of his early priesthood in St. Paul's, Ellicott City, with saintly Brother Urban and scholarly Brother Besas as rivals worthy his steel in duels of wit and humor. The work he accomplished while pastor of St. Paul's is referred to in a previous part of this sketch.



REV. FATHER O'NEILL.

REV. THOMAS O'NEILL (1864-1870).

Of all the pastors of St. Paul's, Thomas O'Neill was the most peculiar. His caustic wit, sledge-hammer logic, and brusque manners caused him to be feared by those not intimately acquainted with him. But underneath that ruggedness beat a warm and tender heart. He was a preacher of that school that believed in "Apostolic blows and knocks." He was plain-spoken even to bluntness. Everyone admired his sincerity, even those who winced under his incisive speech. He was most zealous in breaking the Bread of Life to his people, never losing an opportunity to instruct the ignorant or to admonish wrong-doers. He was an austere man, often harder on himself than on others. His people knew this and respected him for it, although they frequently chafed under his dogmatism.

Strange to say, notwithstanding all this, he gathered into his fold many converts, not only among Protestants and careless Catholics, but also among the non-Catholic students of Rock Hill College. This is evident from the Church Registry.

The oldest living graduates of Rock Hill College recount with zest the many anathemas he hurled at their heads from the altar rostrum on Sundays and holidays, because of some boyish pranks or youthful peccadilloes. In early years, the regular weekly school holiday was on Thursday. It began with assistance at early Mass in the body of the church. Father O'Neill seldom failed at the close of the service to deliver a plain, sound, practical sermon to the assembled students. The matter of this sermon was such as to rake one's soul, and was delivered with more force than eloquence. But

it was its unusual length that tried the patience of the students, for it delayed their breakfasts half an hour or more. So every Thursday morning, when toward the close of Mass, they saw Father O'Neill take off his maniple and call for the Gospel-book, they knew they were in for it. Consequently, they settled down in the high-backed pews as comfortably as possible, prepared for a long siege. Happy those who succeeded in dozing! But they were few; for the sharp, keen eyes of the preacher were quick to detect the sleepers, especially those in the foremost pews, and he hesitated not a moment to rebuke them by name for their want of respect.

Especially blunt was he when announcing a collection on certain Sundays of the year. Just in the middle of an urgent appeal to the congregation to be generous towards the church, he would abruptly turn to the College boys packed in the "Sweat-box" and address them thus: "And I want you scamps in there to put no more buttons in the collection-box. I have more buttons upstairs than would last a man his lifetime. I want sound, hard cash, not buttons. If you can't give cash, give nothing at all; but keep your buttons. God knows you need them." On another occasion, after returning from a synod of the clergy at the Cathedral, he was asked who were present. He mentioned the names of several brother priests, and concluded thus: "And, finally, there was Tom, the Magnificent; John, the Beautiful; and M——, the Blatherskite." The first two referred to the Foley brothers, the last to one who has long since passed to his reward, after having filled a high dignity in the diocese, but who was notorious for the prolixity of his sermons.

Many and many a story has been told of O'Neill's caustic wit and repartee. He had much the expression and manners of a confirmed dyspeptic, but his eccentricities were due more to

idiosyncrasy of mind than to poor digestion. Low sized, strongly built, with typical Celtic head thickly covered with iron-grey hair, a low forehead, shaggy eyebrows, square, gold-rimmed spectacles; dressed in black with long frock coat, old-fashioned stand-up collar and black satin stock, a tall black stovepipe hat, narrow rimmed and somewhat the worse for wear, he went ambling along, carrying a heavy walking-stick with large silver knob. He never failed to attract notice; and within the limits of Ellicott the wags of the town sought every occasion for drawing the "old man" out, though always at their own expense. "Father O'Neill! Father O'Neill!" cried a group of these "town-lights," as the priest was passing the village hostelry one day. Father O'Neill stopped short and looked at them. Quick as a flash, he saw the "boys" were up "to snuff;" so he determined "to pepper" them. "What do you gentlemen wish?" said he to them blandly. "Oh, sir," said the leader, "we have a theological difficulty for you to solve."

"A the-o-logical difficulty!" responded the priest, with a slight sneer. "Well, gentlemen," continued he, "when I take out my the-o-logical gun, I don't fire at pole-cats!" And O'Neill passed on with a grunt and a chuckle, followed by roars of derisive laughter from the crowd at the unfortunate questioner. (*) He thought nothing of ordering ladies to put away their fans during church service on hot days, consoling them with the information that they wouldn't be able to use fans in Purgatory, if they ever got that near to heaven.

As to the material development of St. Paul's, Father O'Neill did little else than keep the place intact, but he certainly was assiduous for the spiritual well-being of his people. A perusal of the Church Registry attests this. In 1870, owing to poor

(*) The late Father Gloyd, of St. Patrick's, Washington, claimed Westminster, Md., as the scene of this incident.

health and increasing age, he resigned his pastorate.

"Father O'Neill, on retiring from Ellicott, was a patient at St. Agnes's Hospital, then on East Lanvale street, near the York Road. When he had sufficiently recovered to get about, he acted as chaplain at that institution for a few months, but he grew tired, he said, of 'petticoat government' and went to Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, to end his days. He was too infirm to act in any capacity there. He was found in the chapel one day, November the 21st, 1874, paralyzed, with his rosary in his hand, and died a few hours later. He lies buried in the parish graveyard of St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg, on the mountain side.

He must have been an old man, as he was ordained in the early forties."—Ignotus.

SOME ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES OF FATHER O'NEILL.

"Father O'Neill," said a prominent lady of the parish recently, "was the *genuine article*. Often have I heard my brother tell how brusquely he called my oldest sister down in church one Sunday morning. "You, you, down there with your mother's dish-pan on your head for a hat," said he, pointing down to her, "what do you come to church for?—to show off your new hat, eh?" Thank God, the old man is not living now in these days of the "Merry Widow" hats and inverted Peach-baskets, etc., etc., etc.

On one occasion, on the train from Baltimore to Ellicotts, O'Neill was annoyed by the unseemly boisterousness of an itinerant preacher, whose offensive remarks about Catholics and priests in general aroused the indignation of all on board. O'Neill was seated in one of the back seats endeavoring to read his office; but to little purpose. Aroused at last to action by a more than usually unbecoming remark of the clerical poltroon, he left his seat, strode along the car-aisle, faced the preacher, and with flushed countenance and flashing eye, actually roared at him thus: "Say, sir, can you spell rhi-nocceros?"

The braggart, appalled at the unexpected encounter, stammered out a faltering "N-n-no, sir." "Well, then," continued O'Neill, "if you can't, shut up, and let decent people mind their own business." With that, he returned to his seat amid the applause of the passengers; the preacher beat a hasty retreat into another car, and O'Neill finished his office in peace.

Brother Matthew (deceased in 1877) often related the following incident of Father O'Neill. We have always considered this Matthew to have been the most perfect type of a Christian Brother it has been our good fortune ever to have met with in almost half a century. He was a gentleman, a scholar, a fervent religious and a model teacher,—the four qualifications essential to a true Christian Brother. Our estimate of him will be confirmed by the testimony of all who knew him, and by no one more heartily than Monsignor Starr, his one-time confessor.

Brother Matthew had but lately arrived at Rock Hill, and was in his first fervor as a religious teacher. He had under his charge, that time, an unusually refractory youth, on whom he had exhausted all conceivable methods of moral sausion; but in vain. After days and days of unwearied patience, Matthew's temper at last got the better of him, and he chastised his tormentor quite soundly. At once his conscience began to reproach him for having violated a very important rule of his Order. Confession day drew near; Matthew dreaded to accuse himself to Father O'Neill of what he considered so grave an offence. Tremblingly he recounted to O'Neill all he had put up with from the boy, and the efforts he had expended to bring him into the traces,—all this, bear in mind, as a preparation and a palliative for the coming accusation. O'Neill listened to him patiently for a while, but gradually warmed up as Matthew proceeded, and suddenly cut him short with:—"And what did you do to the scamp?" Matthew shook like a leaf. "Father, I whipped him," he faltered. "You did right!" thundered O'Neill, "and if I had been there myself, I would have thrashed him!" Instantly the load was off poor Matthew's heart, and he left the confessional as light as a feather.

Father —— tells this one on himself: Shortly after Father O'Neill's departure from St. Paul's, a brother priest succeeded in paying off an outstanding note contracted by O'Neill for some parish expenses. O'Neill having been informed what had been done, sent him a very courteous letter of thanks. But, later on, when that friend went to visit O'Neill at St. Joseph's rectory, he found the poor man suffering from a very sore leg. Knowing the crotchety character of O'Neill, he used all his tact to console the old man, and casually referred to the payment of the note, adding how much esteemed O'Neill was by his former parishoners. O'Neill listened a moment or two, then calling to the sexton of the Church who happened to be passing through the hallway at the time, he said, pointing to the priest,—"Come here, John—wouldn't he make a nice young man for an afternoon tay-party?" The full point of the joke will not be understood, until the appearance of the two clergymen is borne in mind—O'Neill, sour-visaged, his hair falling on his shoulders, a large pimple on his nose, and his dress in a most unkempt condition—while the other ecclesiastic was the very antithesis—trim, neat, tidy almost to fastidiousness.

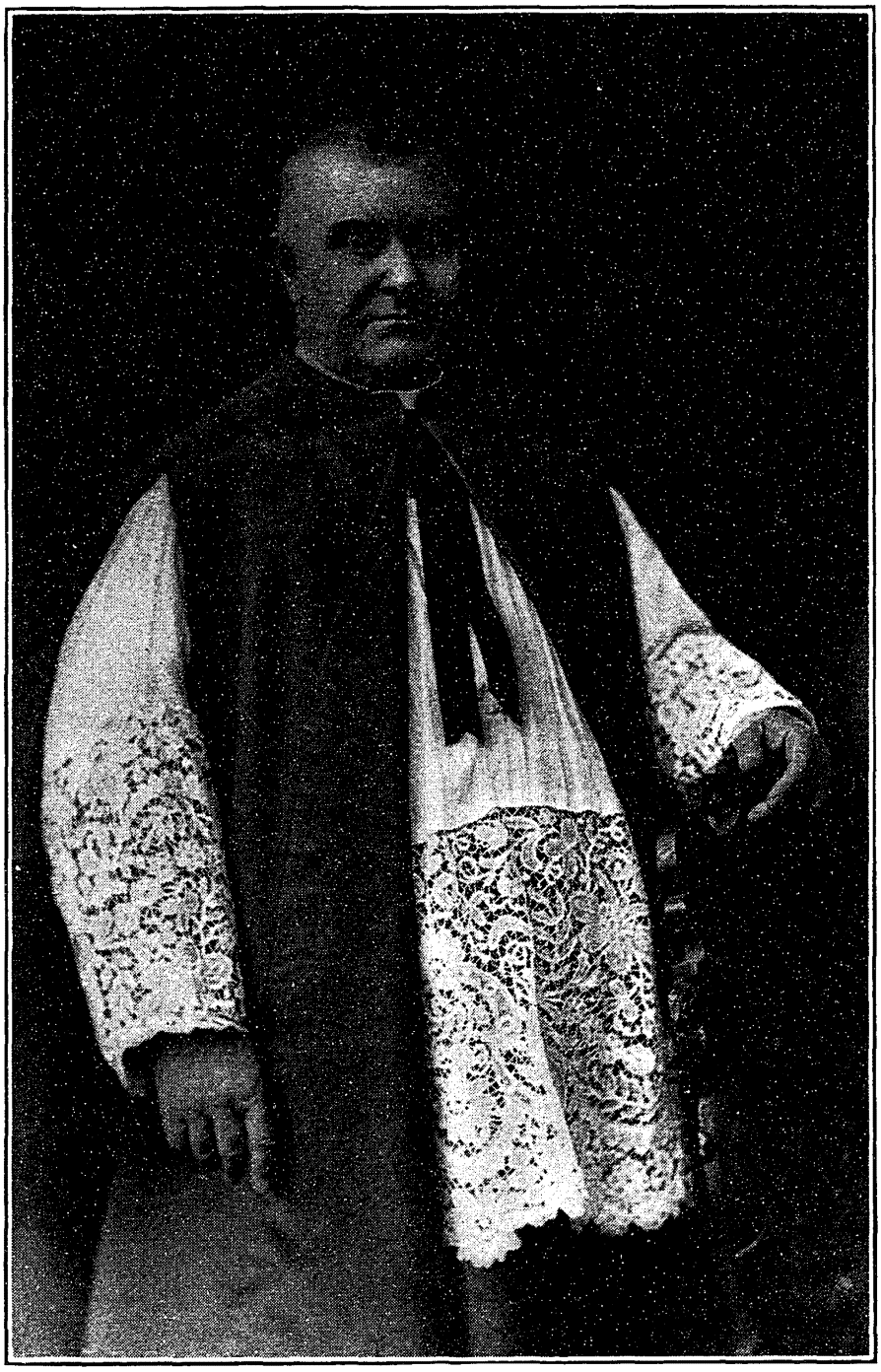
"The note referred to above was given out by Father O'Neill to obtain money to pay for re-building the church at Sykesville, which he had erected; but the work was so poorly done that the little structure shortly after collapsed and had to be rebuilt." (*)

(*) Recollections of an old parishioner.

RT. REV. WM. E. STARR (1870-1873).

Father Starr succeeded Father O'Neill on April 16, 1870, that day being Holy Saturday, and remained in charge of St. Paul's till October 2nd, 1873. He was then called to the Cathedral by Archbishop Bayley, who was very much taken with the energy of the young pastor. He filled the post of chancellor of the diocese for several years, and remained at the Cathedral until Cardinal Gibbons appointed him rector of the Jenkins Memorial Church, known as Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, in 1881. This he retained until his resignation was accepted in February, 1909. He remains at Corpus Christi as Rector Emeritus, but freed from all active responsibilities. In the fall of 1908, he was invested with the Roman purple, as Monsignor, by His Emminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in recognition of his personal worth and long and valuable services to the Church. He is still in the land of the living, enjoying a well-deserved rest, ripe with the harvest of many a well-tilled field. He has retained the warmest affection for his first love—St. Paul's.

Father Starr entered upon his pastorate with characteristic zeal and energy, and although his stay was brief, he accomplished much in a short time. He completely renovated the interior of the church, which needed it badly; he had built in the sacristy walnut cases for the vestments and church ornaments; and was unwearied in his efforts to maintain everything in and about the church as neat and tasteful as possible. He left no stone unturned to have the sacred functions carried out with seriousness and dignity, and was unflagging in his zeal for the spiritual uplifting of his people. He opened a small school for the young children of the parish in



MONSIGNOR STARR
TAKEN IN 1910
AGED 69 YEARS

the basement of the church, which he had comfortably fitted up for the purpose, and he himself took great delight, for days and days, in teaching the "young idea how to shoot."

Father Starr was, in early youth, a convert from Presbyterianism to the true church. If the tradition be reliable, he had also been a teacher for some years previous to entering the sacred ministry. Whether or not, his neatness and precision in every word and act, betoken a thoroughly disciplined mind. While pastor of St. Paul's, he took an eager interest in the school work of Rock Hill College, and occasionally filled the chair of some absent professor. He was specially insistent on historical essay-writing, offering each year a prize-medal for that specialty. He has always prided himself on his choice English diction, and deservedly so. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and his sermons are always out of the ordinary, well pondered, thoroughly original and up to date, and delivered with an unction and a force that ever commands the respectful attention of his cultured auditors. He also wields a trenchant pen, and has never hesitated a moment to enter the lists in defense not only of Mother Church, but of civic righteousness.

We subjoin here a clipping from a local journal (*) of the day recording Monsignor Starr's departure from St. Paul's. It was kindly furnished by an old parishioner, (†) who has treasured it these long years. "At High Mass on Sunday last, the Rev. Wm. E. Starr, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic Church, severed his connection with the congregation in a brief but pointed sermon. In the course of his remarks he adverted to his short ministry of three years and a-half as being fraught with many pleasant recollections, and,

(*) Probably "The Catholic Mirror."
(†) Miss Annie Kelly.

although he bowed with meek submissiveness to his superiors in religion, the event was one of sad regret.

"As parting counsel he advised them to persevere in good works, to deprecate intemperance, and endeavor by every means within their power to stem its advance, to live together in brotherly affection, and to make their holy religion their guide through life and never to swerve from it. To the whole congregation he returned his thanks for the numberless acts of disinterested kindness they had shown him. In conclusion, he asked of the congregation to encourage and foster the little flock of colored people who had connected themselves with the Church, and who had shown by their zeal and ready response to any call for help that they were in the possession of the charity and earnestness that characterizes all good Christians. In the afternoon when the Sunday School had assembled, an event occurred that added much happiness to the pastor's last hours among his children. A beautiful gold headed cane was presented to him by Master Henry Wubbold, on the part of the pupils and teachers of the school, with a neat address.

"On Thursday morning Father Starr celebrated his last High Mass, at which were present all the teachers and pupils of the Sunday School, together with the students of Rock Hill College, and many of the adult congregation. A full choir was in attendance with orchestral accompaniment, and the music was very finely rendered. At half past 9 o'clock the Reverend gentleman left for his new field of labor amidst the heartfelt farewells of his parishioners."

On Sunday, April 17th, 1910, the congregation of St. Paul's celebrated the fortieth anniversary of Monsignor Starr's appointment as rector of that parish. Upon the invitation of the present rector, Rev. M. A. Ryan, Monsignor Starr con-

sented to preach at the solemn service prepared for the occasion. The students of Rock Hill rendered an elaborate program of sacred music; the altars were profusely decorated; the pastor sang the Mass, the Monsignor assisted thereat in full canonicals, and at the close pronounced an excellent discourse on devotion to St. Joseph, that Sunday being the feast of the saint's Patronage; he then spoke very feelingly of his early days at St. Paul's and recalled many an interesting incident. An informal public reception followed at the Rectory, where the Monsignor met many of his old-time parishioners, and greetings most cordial were exchanged.

VERY REV. JOHN J. DOUGHERTY (1873-1883).

In 1872, the diocese of Baltimore met with a double affliction. In the February of that year, Archbishop Spalding died, and twenty days later, the Vicar-General, the Rev. Henry B. Coskery, was snatched away. These sad bereavements left the widowed diocese in temporary control of two young priests, one barely over forty, the other about thirty years of age. Bishop Whelan, of Wheeling, W. Va., the senior bishop of the province, directed Father Lee to call a meeting of the Diocesan Council. This body favoring, Bishop Whelan appointed the Reverend John Joseph Dougherty first assistant at the Cathedral to be administrator of the Archdiocese, and the Propaganda at Rome confirmed the appointment. This was quite an honor for so young a man; but it was a mark of the high estimate entertained of Father Dougherty's ability and impartiality. With characteristic modesty and good judgment, he accepted the responsibility only on condition that Bishop Becker, then of Wilmington, Delaware, later of Savannah, Georgia, would consent to act as chief advisor. Father Dougherty governed the diocese with great prudence and success for over a year; but his health failing, Archbishop Bayley allowed the good priest the choice of remaining as Rector of the Cathedral or of going to Ellicott City as pastor of St. Paul's.

Father Dougherty gladly chose the latter, and on the 20th of October, 1873, replaced Father Starr in that modest charge. Dr. John Paul Dubreuil, president of St. Mary's Seminary, was appointed Vicar-General; Father Lee, rector of the Cathedral; and Father Starr chancellor. Shortly after, Father Curtis, a convert, and at one time rector of Mt. Calvary Episcopal Church, Baltimore, was ordained priest and stationed at

VERY REV. JOHN JOSEPH DOUGHERTY

A. D. 1875

the Cathedral as second assistant, where he remained until consecrated bishop of Wilmington, Delaware, in 1886. Thus by a singular coincidence, all the clergy of the Cathedral of Baltimore during Archbishop Bayley's first years, were converts, except the Rev. Thomas S. Lee.

Father Dougherty carried with him into his retirement the respect and affection of his brother priests and of the laity of the diocese. He was heartily welcomed to Ellicott City by his new flock who knew him well. He remained for ten years at St. Paul's, pursuing the even tenor of his way, with quiet energy and unobtrusiveness. But in the September of 1883, he was ordered by his physicians to repair to St. Joseph's Hospital to be treated for cancer, the result of blood-poisoning. He died there in 1885, and was buried from the Cathedral, Archbishop Gibbons delivering the funeral oration. A memorial window has been erected in his honor in the little church where he had spent the happiest days of his life.

Father Dougherty was truly a lovable character; genial, humorous, kind-hearted, open-handed to a fault, he won friends wherever he went, and never lost one. His pleasant smile, cheery voice, and sympathetic words brought balm to many a wounded heart. He could be firm when duty demanded, but it was always "suaviter in modo." Tradition credits him with a deed truly heroic. In the first years of his priesthood, while stationed at St. Vincent's, Baltimore, he was called on to administer the Sacraments to a poor colored man dying from black smallpox on the outskirts of that extensive parish. The disease was so malignant that the City Authorities warned him that if he entered the plague-stricken hovel, he would have to remain in quarantine till the Board of Health permitted him to return. The brave young priest hesitated

not a moment—a soul was to be saved; that was enough for him. He visited the poor, dying negro, remained with him, soothing both body and soul as best he could, until death released the sufferer, buried him decently, and then went into quarantine until leave was given him to resume his priestly functions within the city limits. A similar act of heroism is also related of the early days of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. We will not vouch for the identity of the leading actor in either of these incidents. We have no means of verifying the first, and it would be rather indelicate on our part to question His Eminence respecting his role in the second occurrence. However, "an event of this sort did really happen to the Rev. Joseph A. Cunnane, an old Ellicott Mills boy, when he was pastor of some church in lower Maryland. His experiences were circumstantially as narrated above." (*)

Incidents of this nature have been so common in the lives of our Catholic priests, that they have ceased to excite surprise;—it is only what Catholics expect of their priests, it is only their mission, their duty; the surprise would be to see them shrink from such an ordeal. Nor have they ceased to occur. Our clergy today show themselves as heroic as those of yore. Cases of sublime heroism on their part are occuring in our midst perennially, if not daily. Who can number the countless sacrifices yearly made by Catholic priests and Sisters and Brothers that go unheralded to the public? It is only when some public calamity occurs, that their heroism is proclaimed and lauded to the skies and sometimes not even then;—calamities like the recent Cherry Mine disaster in Illinois, the explosion of the Maine in Havana harbor, the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago, the cave-in on the New York Central near Utica, the astounding act at the late Williams-

(*) See also sketch of Rev. Joseph A. Cunnane elsewhere in this volume.

burg fire, New York; and many others in which Catholic priests have figured as heroes, not to mention the great leper-apostles, Damien and Conrady, the latter of whom, by the way, was connected for some years with the Baltimore diocese, having been stationed at Washington, D. C., in union with the Indian Missionary Board, and acting as chaplain to the Christian Brothers' College, St. John's, in the National Capital. No! the age of heroism is not passed; the Catholic Church has ever been the fruitful mother of saints and heroes; her clergy have a long line of illustrious ancestors back of them; they would be untrue to the noblest traditions of their Mother, were they to quail before any disaster wherein human lives or human souls are imperilled.

"Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die——"

"The good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep."

And as for glory!—whether Cardinal, nun, or simple priest—assuredly, "there's glory enough to go round," more truly than the gallant Schley said of the victory of Santiago.

But our clergy seek not the glory of this world; their aspirations are higher; their hopes are centered in the Great Beyond; their slogan is that the Royal Prophet:—

"Non nobis, Domine, non nobis;
Sed nomini tuo, da gloriam."

Father Dougherty was about six feet in height, finely molded in form with no surplus flesh, and in his early years endowed with great manly beauty. While once attending a church picnic, he was poisoned by some growing vine, and the virus entered his blood. All its virulence settled in his face which was ever after hopelessly disfigured. It was only

his kindly eye and pleasing voice that made one forget for awhile the ravages of disease. He bore this affiiction with great fortitude, and when asked to account for it, usually made some witty reply. This blood-poisoning eventually developed into the cancerous affection that caused his death in 1885.

He was gifted with one of the sweetest tenor voices ever heard in Baltimore Cathedral. Oh! how the strains of that melodious voice still linger in the memories of those that heard it, as it rose and fell in silvery notes during the Preface and Pater Noster of Solemn Mass! Now it rang out as clear and sweet as a magic flute; then it died away in tenderness, with a fervor and pathos that only a believing and an adoring heart could animate. How it hushed into reverence and devotion the vast throngs of worshippers who fell under its mystic spell, causing them to bow down in humble adoration before the Great Mystery taking place upon the Altar. No! there is nothing comparable to the music of the Preface and Pater Noster when properly sung; and it is no wonder that Mozart declared that he would rather have written the music of the Preface and the Pater of the Mass than any one, or all of his compositions combined.

Father Dougherty was also a graceful and polished pulpit orator. He managed his beautiful voice with remarkable skill in preaching, moving his auditors betimes to indignation, pity, and sorrow for sin, as befitted his theme. As a lecturer and an after-dinner speaker, he could have made himself famous, but his innate modesty, high sense of priestly dignity, an ever-abiding sense of his facial disfigurement, and the varied duties of his pastorate caused him to let pass many an opportunity to distinguish himself in this line before the public.

We gladly insert here, a summary of Father Dougherty's earlier career, furnished by a devoted friend of the good priest:—

"He was ordained in 1853 and was sent, I think, at once to the mission of Montgomery County, with four churches to attend. From Rockville as a centre he went in succession to Barnesville, Gaithersburg, and Carroll's Chapel, now Forest Glen. To these he added a small outpost, visited whenever a fifth Sunday in the month occurred. This was called St. Peter's at Hawling's River, situated not far from the Howard County line. I have always understood that he remained in Rockville until he was ordered to St. Vincent's, Baltimore. This was in 1862, which made his stay in Montgomery county a matter of nine years. From St. Vincent's he went to the church of St. Joseph in Baltimore in succession to the Rev. Michael Slattery, who died October 3, 1866. From St. Joseph's he was taken to the Cathedral to fill the place left vacant by the removal to Chicago of the Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley. This was in the early months of 1870, January or February."—Ignotus.

Here is an estimate of this worthy priest by one of his closest friends. It is all the more valuable because it comes from one of the keenest judges of human character in our day, and was formed after a most intimate acquaintance extending over many years. It is the calm, deliberate opinion of a most lovable character, by one not given to fulsomeness. No one will dare dispute it.

"One of the most striking traits in Father Dougherty's character was his singular guilelessness. He was so transparently honest and honorable himself, that it quite bewildered him when he encountered trickery or double-dealing in others. Deceit and evasiveness were so far outside his own inner experiences, that he could not imagine them in others unless

they were so glaringly palpable that not even a child could fail to see them.

"Benignity rare and beautiful lit up his homely and disfigured face and drew all hearts to him. His most powerful expletive when most deeply moved was: 'Contwist it.' But even that mild objurgation lost its force in the beautiful silvery tones in which it was uttered."

The following touching incident will appeal to all hearts:—

"I went one day to see him at St. Joseph's Hospital, and he burst into tears as he said to me: 'Father, I am a poor, old, stranded hulk and an object of charity in my latter days.' I scolded him roundly and said to him: 'You are simply getting what is yours. If you talk that way, I will not come to see you any more, you that have all your life given to others in full measure, 'pressed down and running over,' and have left yourself penniless in your old days. Why there isn't a man, woman or child that knows you, but would go on hands and knees to save you a moment's pain."

"The story of the blood-poisoning has been variously told. I always understood that it occurred in his early student days at St. Mary's Seminary (1845-1856)." (*) During those days, Father Dougherty acted as Prefect in St. Mary's College, having under him as students Hon. Leo Knott, Rev. Dr. Eccleston, Episcopal minister, Father Sumner, S. J., John Lee Carroll, Dr. Wm. Hand Brown of Baltimore, the late John F. McMullen, Sr., Ellicott City, and other prominent men.

Another admirable trait in Father Dougherty was his love for children. On his many visits to the humble homes in his parish, he never failed to have his coat-pockets well supplied with "goodies" for his little ones. These little tots were

(*) Ignotus.

fully aware of the fact and looked forward to his comings with eager interest. Ofttimes would they cluster round him gleefully on the roadside to receive from him cakes, or candies or fruit. Other times, when he entered their homes, he would go directly to the kitchen or backyard to seek them out or join in their games; or if sitting in the modest parlor, many a timid curly-head with sweet blue eyes would approach him steathily behind the high back chairs, and by a gentle pull of his coat-tail would make him aware of the longings of the timid one for the sweets his pockets contained.

REV. PETER TARRO, D. D. (1883-1907).

Father Tarro succeeded Father Dougherty in the care of St. Paul's in September, 1883, and retained it until January, 1907. He came thither from St. Stephen's Church, Washington, where he had been assistant pastor for some time. He is an Italian by birth, and completed his classical, philosophical and theological studies at the ecclesiastical seminary of Turin. He had at first intended to study law as a profession, and with this view entered the law department of the University of Turin, but after a few weeks, decided to study for the priesthood. "The University of Turin," he writes, "was then a hot bed of infidelity, with such professors as Molesiott, Lombroso, etc. I owe little or nothing to the institution." He was ordained priest before the canonical age, and having requested to be sent to a foreign mission, was permitted to come to America, where he attached himself to the diocese of Baltimore. His first mission here was to assist a compatriot, Rev. Felix Barrotti, Apostle of the Negroes, and founder of St. Augstine's Church, Washington. After Father Barrotti's death in 1880, he was transferred to St. Stephen's, whence he came to Ellicott City. His pastorate here covered a period of nearly twenty-four years, the longest and most brilliant in the history of St. Paul's. The work accomplished by him during this time has already been described. To which may be added, the complete renovation of the pastoral residence and the addition of a mansard story; and the erection of a hall for use both as a Sunday School and a Young Men's Lyceum. He also organized a Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion in his parish, and established St. Paul's Lyceum for young men.

REV. PETER TARRO, D. D.

A. D. 1906

So varied are his talents, so versatile his gifts, so genial and happy his character, he has been called on time and again to fill functions extraneous to his regular parish duties. He filled for some time the chair of mental philosophy at Rock Hill College; then, that of Church history both a St. Charles College and at St. Mary's Seminary. Pressure of work obliged him to relinquish the first two professorships, but the last he still retains. Archbishop Keane, first rector of the Catholic University, often urged him to accept the Vice-rectorship of that institution, and Cardinal Gibbons offered him, several times, more dignified and lucrative positions, all of which he declined, because of his desire for leisure to study. He is one of the examiners of the diocesan clergy, and extraordinary confessor to several orders of nuns. Increasing age, and this surplus work, taxed all his powers, and prevented him from giving to his parish all the atttention he desired. Hence he requested several times to be relieved of his charge, but there was ever held before him as a deterrent the offer of a larger parish. At length his request was granted. In 1907, he was given charge of St. Agnes' Church, Catonsville, where he had leisure for study so much desired by him. The relief was only temporary, however, for unforseen circumstances led him to perform a generous act for His Eminence, who requested him to take charge temporarily, at least, of the large parish of St. Thomas's, Hampden. This he retained for a few months, until he was granted his release, and was given charge of the Sacred Heart parish, Mount Washington, and chaplain to Mount St. Agnes College, which charge he at present holds. (1910).

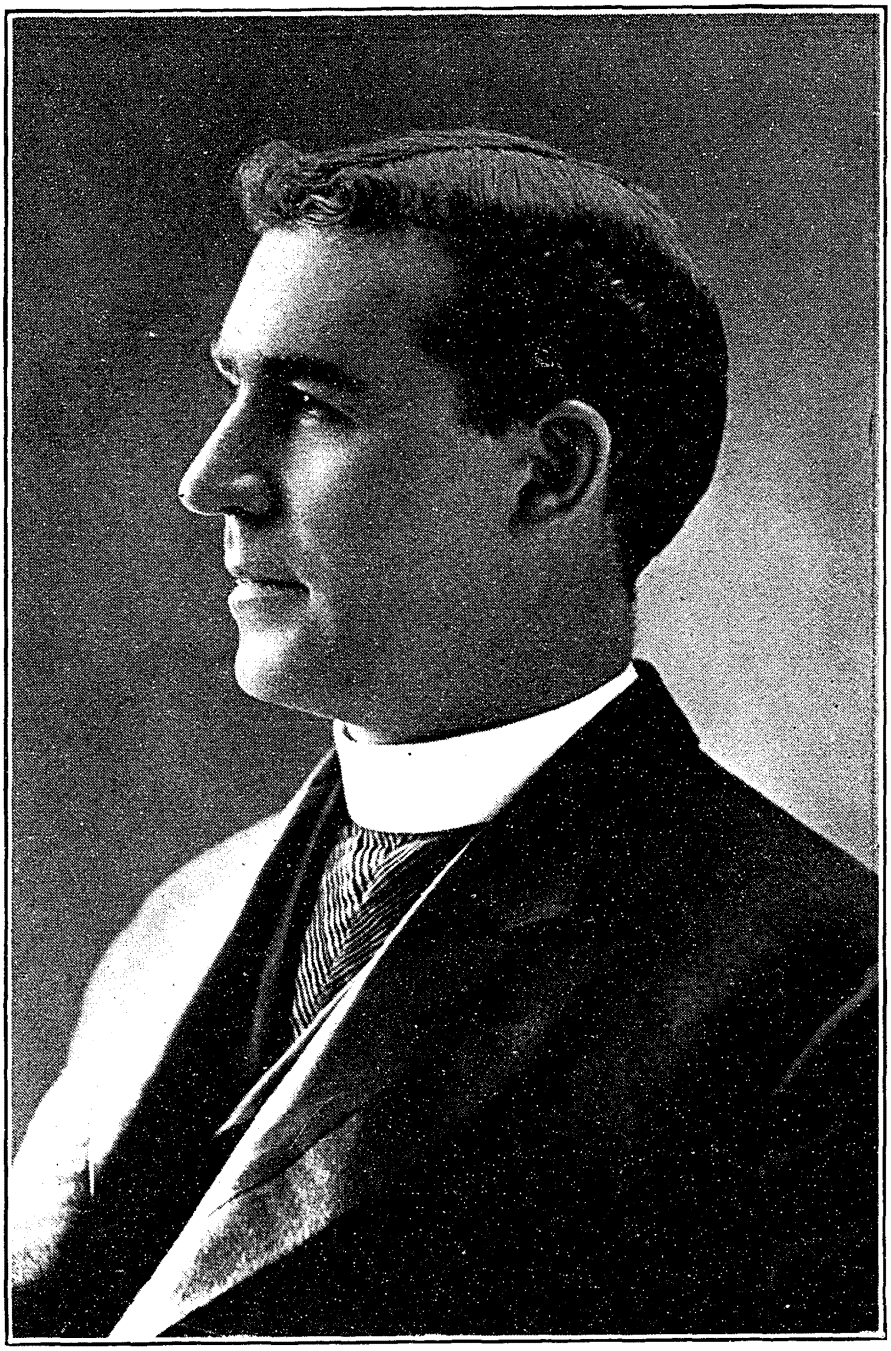
The evening previous to Father Tarro's departure from St. Paul's, a committee of gentlemen, representing the parish, waited on him, (took him by surprise,) and Mr. Joseph Ells, their spokesman, delivered a touching address from which we

select the following passages:—

"Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since you first came to us. It seems but a short time, but how many and great the changes during these years! * * * Everything and everybody seems to have changed during these years except yourself. You always seemed the same kindly, thoughtful, and ever-mindful pastor of our spiritual, and in many cases, of our temporal welfare. * * * "You have left an impression on the minds and hearts of those who know you that will remain as long as life endures; and for those who follow us for many years to come, you have left a reminder of yourself in our little church, its towering steeple, memorial windows and beautiful altars—all of which have been put there by your untiring and unceasing efforts." * * * "Through the efforts of Messrs. O'Brien and Wallenhorst a purse has been raised from among your friends which we herewith present to you. The amount is small; but it is an offering from the hearts of those who loved you as their pastor, and we know that you will accept it in the feeling with which it is given. * * * "Although you depart from us, your memory will ever be green in our hearts and the latch-string to our homes shall ever be for you on the outside."

The fund for the purse for Father Tarro was collected by John M. O'Brien and Charles B. Wallenhorst.

The following ladies and gentlemen made the presentation of the purse:—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Ells, Mr. John U. O'Brien, Edward E. Malone, John J. Heavey, John M. O'Brien and Thomas J. Powers. The younger ladies present were Misses Mary A. Heavey, Bertha Potts and Regina McKenzie.



REV. M. A. RYAN

A. D. 1910

REV. MICHAEL A. RYAN (1907-).

Father Tarro bade farewell to St. Paul's on New Year's Day, 1907, left for St. Agnes's, Catonsville, on January third, and was replaced the same day by Rev. Michael A. Ryan, assistant pastor for many years at St. Patrick's, Baltimore. The new and energetic young pastor settled down at once to work in his new charge. He has already accomplished much good in the parish. He is the type of the good parish priest, wholly devoted to the welfare of his people. He takes the liveliest interest in the children of the parish, has revived the Sodalites, established the Holy Name and Christ Child Societies, and given a decided impetus to Eucharistic devotions. He is ever on the alert, visiting the sick and poor, trying to reclaim the wayward, and bringing back to the fold many a wandering sheep. He has made many improvements in the pastoral residence, refrescoed the church, introduced electrical illuminations for the sanctuary, and erected two graceful electric lamps at the entrance of the church. (*) His people have responded generously to his efforts. There is a notable increase in the attendance at the public services and in the reception of the sacraments, and a stronger and firmer devotional Catholic tone now animates the parish. Father Ryan is not yet in the prime of life. There lie before him wide fields of usefulness, which, God grant, he may be spared to cultivate unto an abundant harvest.

Father Ryan was born in Lonaconing, Maryland, some forty years ago. He comes of good old Irish stock. He first attended the parish school of his native town, and then entered St. Charles College, Howard county, and afterwards St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons about sixteen years ago. He was first stationed

(*) The electrical work was installed by Mr. Samuel Powers.

at the Immaculate Conception parish, Washington, D. C., under his namesake the late Father Stanislaus Ryan, and was then transferred to St. Patrick's Baltimore, where he remained for ten years, until his appointment as Rector of St. Paul's. Probably the most substantial service he has rendered his people is the re-organization of the Sunday School under the direction of Jesuit Scholastics from Woodstock, who traverse every Sunday afternoon the nine miles between their College and Ellicott City, in order to instruct the children of the parish in the truths of Salvation.

On his last episcopal visit for the administration of confirmation in September, 1909, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons complimented both the pastor and people on the excellent spiritual and financial condition of the parish. Especially pleased was he with the large number of converts recently received into the Church.

This fact was due largely to the zeal and tact of Father Ryan in having had a mission to Catholics and also to Non-Catholics held in the church the preceding May, by members of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., under the leadership of Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P.

The number of converts reached sixteen—"the largest average of any class he had ever before confirmed," said His Eminence.

So runneth the story of these worthy shepherds of a loving flock. Most of them have passed to their reward, others still remain. Of the former, well may we say, "they have fought the good fight, they have kept the faith, and now there is laid up for them a crown of justice," which, let us hope, they have long since received. To the latter we cry, "God speed ye; emulate your predecessors, and thus win the crown of eternal life."

THE FLOCK ITSELF.

The people of St. Paul's parish are as varied in character and occupation as in nationality. The American, Irish and German races are well represented therein. The tradesmen and mill operatives of the town and vicinity constitute the main body of the congregation, but there is a large contingent of farmers from the outlying districts, as well as a very cultured class of descendants of old Colonial and Revolutionary families, and professional men,—doctors, lawyers, bankers, college-professors, and school-teachers. The parish numbers, in all, about 700 souls. As a class, they are very intelligent and up-to-date. They have ever been loyal to Church and Country, and responded faithfully to the efforts of the devoted pastors who have guided them in the past. May we not fondly hope that the future of St. Paul's will present as bright a record as that which we have here outlined? If the present generation and those yet to come prove as faithful to the teachings of their pastors as their ancestors were, then "when the Prince of Pastors shall appear, they shall receive a never fading Crown of Glory." (2 Pet. 54.)

PRIESTLY SONS AND RELIGIOUS.

Every parish takes great pride, and justly so, in the number of its sons and daughters who have consecrated their lives to the service of God either in the sacred ministry or in religious orders, male or female. While the number of such from St. Paul's parish is not large, yet proportionately to its circumstances, and to the character of its native priests and religious, it ranks high.

REV. H. H. MALONE.

REV. H. H. MALONE comes first on the list. He was a clerk in Union Factory, now known as Oella, under Mr. C. C. O'Neill, and took care of his mother until her death. There is a tradition current that he had been at one time sexton and teacher of St. Paul's during Father Piot's time; but after his mother's death, he went to Europe and was ordained a priest, probably at All Hallows College, Ireland. He afterwards returned to this country and was stationed at Lonaconing, Md. It appears to us that on the erection of the Wheeling, West Virginia, diocese in 1850, he must have allied himself with its first bishop, the saintly and apostolic Whelan; for from official data in the records of the Churches in Grafton and Fairmont, we learn that "from March to September or October, 1857, Father Malone was assistant to Father Cunningham at St. Augustine's, Grafton, and in 1857 succeeded Father Cunningham as pastor of that place, and completed the church begun there by his predecessor.

"At the outbreak of the Civil War, Father Malone was so ardent an advocate of the Southern cause, that the civil authorities urged his withdrawal from West Virginia, whereupon

he left for Ireland in company with a close personal friend, John Doonan, and was replaced by Rev. Joseph W. Stenger, who was subsequently appointed to Charleston, W. Va.

"At the close of the war, Father Malone returned to Grafton and resumed charge of St. Augustine's in May, 1865. He remained here until his death, July 25th, 1868. He organized the first Catholic school in Grafton, and placed it in charge of a relative of his named James Bell. During his priestly career in West Virginia, Father Malone attended missions at Fairmont, Rowlesburg, Oakland (Md.), Piedmont and Bloomington. He is still held in veneration by many of the oldest parishoners."

REV. JOSEPH STEPHEN BURCH.

Next comes Joseph Burch, whose name figures so often in the old church Registry, both as sponsor and baptizer. Although not native-born to the parish, yet the years of his early manhood were so long and intimately connected with St. Paul's both before and subsequent to his ordination, that we may in all justice, claim him as one of our own. "Joseph Stephen Beckworth Burch was born at Washington, D. C., August 10th, in the year 1830, of an Irish Catholic mother, Susan Dougherty, and was brought up strictly in St. Patrick's parish in that city. His father, Balam Burch, was of English extraction and a Protestant, so that Father Burch must have had Protestant relatives on his father's side. His godmother was named Ann Fagan, most likely a connection of that good old Catholic family of Fagans still living in St. Dominic's parish, Washington. He early manifested a love for the priestly life, and prepared himself to follow that sublime vocation. With that intent he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, at the age of nineteen years, but his health

proved unable to stand the strict discipline of seminary life. He repaired to St. Charles College, then in its infancy, and lived as a boarder, studying or helping as he could. When Father Verot took charge at Ellicott City, Mr. Burch joined him and lived a kind of seminary life. He was the inseparable companion of Father Verot, assisting him in every possible way. Time and again these saintly apostles were seen trudging together along the pike or the railroad from Ellicotts to Alberton and thence to Sykesville or the Manor—never using the stage-coach that then ran between these points.

"When Father Verot was made Vicar Apostolic of Florida in 1858, Mr. Burch accompanied him thither with the design of devoting himself to the priestly office in the vicariate. In the July of 1859, (*) Bishop Verot was transferred to the See of Savannah. Either because his health could not withstand the climate of Florida, or because he did not care to remain there after Bishop Verot, to whom he was devotedly attached, Mr. Burch returned to Baltimore and resumed his studies at St. Mary's, boarding outside the house, and was ordained in the class of His Emminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in the year 1861. His first mission field was at St. John's Church, Long Green, in Baltimore County.

"From Long Green he went in 1868 or '69 to Barnesville, Montgomery County, Maryland, where I first met him in October of 1869. His health, never robust, became so impaired that after twelve or thirteen years of hard work in Montgomery County, he asked permission to retire from the active work of the pastorate. He was at Barnesville as late as the autumn of 1881. When he left I do not know, but he built himself a house out of his paternal estate in the parish of

(*) Shea's Hierarchy gives 1861.

St. Dominic, Washington City. For a while he said Mass for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Georgetown, but later that became impossible, and he said Mass in his private oratory until his death in (1885)."—Ignotus.

It was the writer's good fortune to know this worthy priest in his last days. A sweet, beautiful, saintly character he was. Medium sized, with snow white hair, large brown eyes whence ever shone a kindly fire, he moved amongst us like some gentle spirit "shedding sweet balm." During the last years of the late Archbishop Chapelle's incumbency of St. Matthew's parish, Washington, Father Burch came from his home in St. Dominic's parish—"on the island," it used to be called—to say the children's Mass on Sundays in the basement of old St. Matthew's Church (Fifteenth and H Streets), recently torn down; then superintended the Sunday-School, and remained over to act as sub-deacon at the solemn high Mass, which Doctor Chapelle always insisted upon having every Sunday in the year, except during the "dog-days." Never shall we forget the humility, the gentleness, the benignity of "good Father Burch."

REV. JEREMIAH HENDRICKS.

Next comes Rev. Jeremiah Hendricks, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Mount Savage, Maryland, from 1868 till his death in 1875. He entered St. Charles College, as a resident of Ellicott City in 1857 and was ordained in 1867, and shortly after was appointed to Mount Savage. Rev. Thomas Stanton writes of him in these words: "Father Hendricks is remembered as a humble, plain, kind-hearted priest. He was so open and frank that all sides of his character shone

through a sort of unconscious self-revelation, and all sides of his disposition were priestly. He was not a brilliant man, neither was he a strong man; but he was so kind a man and so devout a priest, that his memory will continue to live after brighter and stronger men are forgotten. He is buried in Mount Savage Churchyard, where a monument has been erected to his memory.

REV. JOSEPH ONTHANK.

Another ecclesiastic of St. Paul's parish was the Rev. Joseph Onthank, who died in deacon's orders. He would have been ordained in 1861 along with the Cardinal, who always maintained a deep friendship for the Onthank family. The Rev. Joseph A. Cunnane of St. Andrew's Church, Baltimore, is a nephew of Mr. Onthank.

Studying for the priesthood at St. Charles about this time, was another Ellicott City boy—Patrick Joseph Heavey, whose immediate relatives are still members of the parish. "He and Father Jeremiah Hendricks were sent to St. Charles College from St. Paul's parish by Father Verot, afterwards Bishop Verot. They were classmates of the late Father Duggan, of St. Pius', Baltimore. Patrick Heavey failed in health toward the end of his fifth year, and died the following October, 1863." He and Joseph Onthank were warm friends. The constitutions of both broke down under the intense austerity practised during the early years at St. Charles' and St. Mary's—astonishing accounts of which are still related by former students. Both young ecclesiastics returned to Ellicott City to recuperate, but it was simply a question among their friends which would die first. It was melancholy to hear Onthank encourage Heavey, and Heavey,

Onthank,—one promising the other to attend his funeral should he die first. Joseph died in 1861, but Patrick was too feeble to attend the funeral. Kind death, however, soon united both in eternal bliss.

REV. P. F. DUGGAN.

Rev. Patrick Francis Duggan, former pastor of St. Pius' Church, Baltimore, was another child of St. Paul's parish. He and Father Hendrick and Patrick Heavey were sanctuary boys under Father Verot. Father Duggan and his brother, the Baltimore contractor, passed part of their boyhood days at Union (Oella), but subsequently the family moved to Mount Savage, from which place Patrick Duggan was sent to St. Charles College. (*) He eventually was appointed pastor at St. Thomas's, Woodberry, and thence transferred to St. Pius', Baltimore, which rectorate he retained till his death in 1904.

REV. JAMES CAREY.

Rev. James Carey, the poet-priest, was brought up at Granite, Baltimore County, directly across the bridge from Ellicott's. He, too, was a sanctuary boy here until sent to St. Charles to study for the priesthood. He is an eloquent speaker, and has cultivated the muses with great success, being the author of a volume of poems of intrinsic merit.

(*) Recollections of Old Parishioner.

REV. JOSEPH A. CUNNANE.

Rev. Joseph A. Cunnane, present rector of St. Andrew's, Baltimore, may justly be claimed as a son of St. Paul's.

We give a brief summary of Father Cunnane's career, furnished by himself at our request. "I was born at Bayou Sara, La., whither my parents, married by Father McManus, pastor of St. Paul's, migrated.

Then they went to Smith county, Texas, where my father died when I was four years of age. Immediately my mother returned to her Ellicott City home, where I was raised, attending Miss Agnes Bone's private and select school till I entered St. Charles in 1867. I went the full six years course there, and was sent back to teach Latin and English for a year immediately after my graduation. Then came two years in St. Mary's Seminary, and in 1867, I entered the American College, Rome. Just one year there, and a breakdown of health sent me to the south of France, where I entered the Marseilles Seminary and was ordained July 26th, 1876, in the private chapel of Mgr. Robert, the Bishop of Marseilles.

'I was sent that autumn to Rev. D. C. de Wulf, at Upper Marlboro, Prince George's County, Maryland. One year afterwards, I was given charge of Newport and Cob's Neck missions, Charles County—the first missions in Maryland surrendered by the Jesuits to the Archbishop of Baltimore. Two years there, and then appointed pastor of Upper Marlboro, where I remained fourteen years; thence one year pastor at Brookland, D. C.; thence eighteen months at Rockville, and finally, through broken health, restored at St. Agnes' Hospital, to St. Andrew's, of which in September, 1906, I was appointed pastor."

Father Cunnane enjoys a high reputation among his fellow-priests as a scholar and a pulpit orator.

REV. RICHARD K. WAKEHAM.

"Among the Ellicott City priests," writes Ignotus, "I think that Rev. Richard K. Wakeham ought to be included. His home was practically at Rock Hill College, and his vocation was determined there. He entered Rock Hill in 1868, graduated in 1869, and was professor there till 1873. In November of that year, he entered St. Charles College, and was eventualy sent to Paris, and was there in 1880 ordained by Archbishop Richard, then Coadjutor, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of that See.

He joined the Sulpicians, and was stationed at St. Charles College in various capacities, especially as prefect of discipline, and remained there till the Sulpicians took charge of the new Seminary at Yonkers, N. Y., where he still resides as vice-president of that institution.

He withdrew from the Sulpicians when they gave up charge of Dunwoodie in 1905.

REV. JAMES BURCH KAILER.

Rev. James Burch Kailer, present Rector of St. Edward's, Baltimore, is another St. Paul's boy. His name appears on the baptismal register about the years 1858 to 1863, also those of his brothers and sisters. The family resided first at Alberton, then removed to Woodberry, where Father Kailer's brother still resides. They were warm friends of the late Father Duggan of St. Pius's, who sent young James to St. Charles College. Young Kailer was afterwards assistant to Father Duggan at St. Pius's for many years, and for some time after Father Duggan's decease, until he was transferred to the present rectorship of St. Edward's, Calverton.

REV. JOHN A. SMITH.

The Rev. John A. Smith, assistant pastor of Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, is another link in the ecclesiastical chain of St. Paul's. He is a nephew of the late Jeremiah Hendricks, but was born and brought up at Mt. Savage, Md. His aunt, Miss Mary Hendricks, still resides at Ellicott's.

REV. WILLIAM HUMPHRIES.

Nor must we forget Mr. William Humphries, cousin of our old parishioner Mr. John U. O'Brien. Although not to the parish born, yet Ellicott's was his home for six or seven years back, and he has edified our people by his pious demeanor during vacations from St. Charles and the Seminary.

He was ordained to the Sacred priesthood at Woodstock, Md., by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, on July 30th, 1910, and is now stationed as assistant to Father Clements at St. Katherine's Church, Baltimore.

RELIGIOUS.

In a more lowly field of service, but still a most important one, comes Mr. Arthur Gross, son of Mrs. Margaret and the late John Gross. Brother Gontran is an efficient and worthy member of that well known religious body of teachers, the Xaverian Brothers, who are effecting so much good for Catholic youth in many dioceses of the United States.

Among the consecrated spouses of Christ, St. Paul's numbers a devout convert from Protestantism in the person of Miss Blanche Mayfield, who is now known as Sister Veronica of Order of Carmelites at New Orleans, La. "She is perfectly happy," writes Rev. Paul Griffith, Rector of St. Augus-

tine's, Washington, D. C., who received the lady into the church, "and has made wonderful progress in the science of Sanctity."

Then there is Miss Helen Kuhn, only daughter of John and Eliza Kuhn, who heroically severed strong family ties, to answer God's call to enter the Congregation of Notre Dame, at Aisquith Street Convent, Baltimore, and happily perseveres therein as Sister Mary de Nives now stationed in New York City.

REVEREND SISTER MARY DONATA BELL.

Previous to all others on this noble record, with the possible exceptions of Fathers Malone and Burch, comes the name of this venerable Sister of Charity. She was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1833. Her family joined St. Paul's parish in 1848, and she herself left that parish to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity, at Mount St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, in 1855. "Her entire Community life was spent at St. Joseph's, where she fulfilled most faithfully all the duties assigned her." She celebrated the "Golden Jubilee" of her consecration to the religious life in 1905, since which time she passed her few remaining years in acts of piety and benevolence as far as her feeble years permitted, until her final summons came on September 1, 1910, the eve of the first Friday of the month of the Sacred Heart of Mary, whose devoted child she had always been.

A few weeks before her death, we had occasion to write her for information about the early history of St. Paul's. Too old and feeble to handle a pen herself, she responded to our inquiries by the aid of a Sister-religious. Just as we were about to incorporate that information into this sketch, we received the following letter, which we feel confident will

awaken a pathetic interest in the hearts of our readers, coming, as it were, a last message from the death-bed of one of St. Paul's lowliest and holiest daughters.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

Emmitsburg, Maryland, September 1, 1910.

DEAR REV. BROTHER:

A few weeks ago I wrote you, at the request of Sister M. Donata Bell, in answer to a letter from you. Some days later, Sister recalled that the correct date of her family's going to St. Paul's Parish is 1848, and the date of her entrance into our Community, 1855. I intended to send you the accurate date. Meanwhile, our venerable Sister, having had a spell of serious illness, received her passport for eternity, and went home to our Lord yesterday morning between twelve and one o'clock. This morning, her Requiem was sung by our Very Rev. Director, Father Cribbins, and she now rests in our little cemetery, among our dear departed. I ask a remembrance in your prayers for her. Our dear Sister's life was most exemplary and edifying, loving her vocation to the end with all the enthusiasm of her youth. Her entire Community life was spent here at St. Joseph's, where she fulfilled most faithfully all the duties assigned her.

The inclosed picture she requested me to send you when writing about the date 1848, as already mentioned.

In recording such a death, one feels the force of those comforting words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works follow them."

Again soliciting your prayers for her speedy admission among the elect, I am, dear Rev. Brother,

Very respectfully,

S. MARY VINCENT.

REV. MOTHER MARTIN.

Going back to Father Foley's pastorate, we learn from an old parishioner that the daughter of Dr. David McLaughlin, Augusta, whose name figures in the old Church Registry, eventually renounced the world and joined the order of the Good Shepherd in Washington, D. C., and was known therein as Mother Martin.

A touch of the romantic is lent to the above by the reminiscences of old parishioners, who state that Father Burch's brother, Dr. Burch, assistant to Dr. McLaughlin, was a suitor for Miss McLaughlin's hand, and was most assiduous in his attentions. But the lady gave him no encouragement whatever, mainly because her suitor was a very indifferent Catholic, in spite of her efforts and those of his saintly brother to bring him to better ways. Dr. Burch usually resided at Disney's Hotel, which once occupied the site now held by Talbott's great store and yard on Main Street. He and Dr. McLaughlin attended St. Paul's occasionally, but then only to hear Miss McLaughlin sing. Both were very indifferent to religion, we are told, and died as they had lived.

Dr. David Barnum McLaughlin, another member of the family, was a convert, and an uncle to the distinguished Father Barnum, S. J., of the Alaska Mission.

Augusta McLaughlin, the eldest child of the Doctor's, was the first nun from St. Martin's parish, Baltimore, so the pastor thought she should take the name of Martin. She was known in religion as Mother Mary Martin, Superior of the Convent of the Good Shepherd in Georgetown. Later she was sent to New Orleans, where she died in 1902.

May McLaughlin, a relative of the above, was received into the order in the Baltimore convent, taking the name

570176

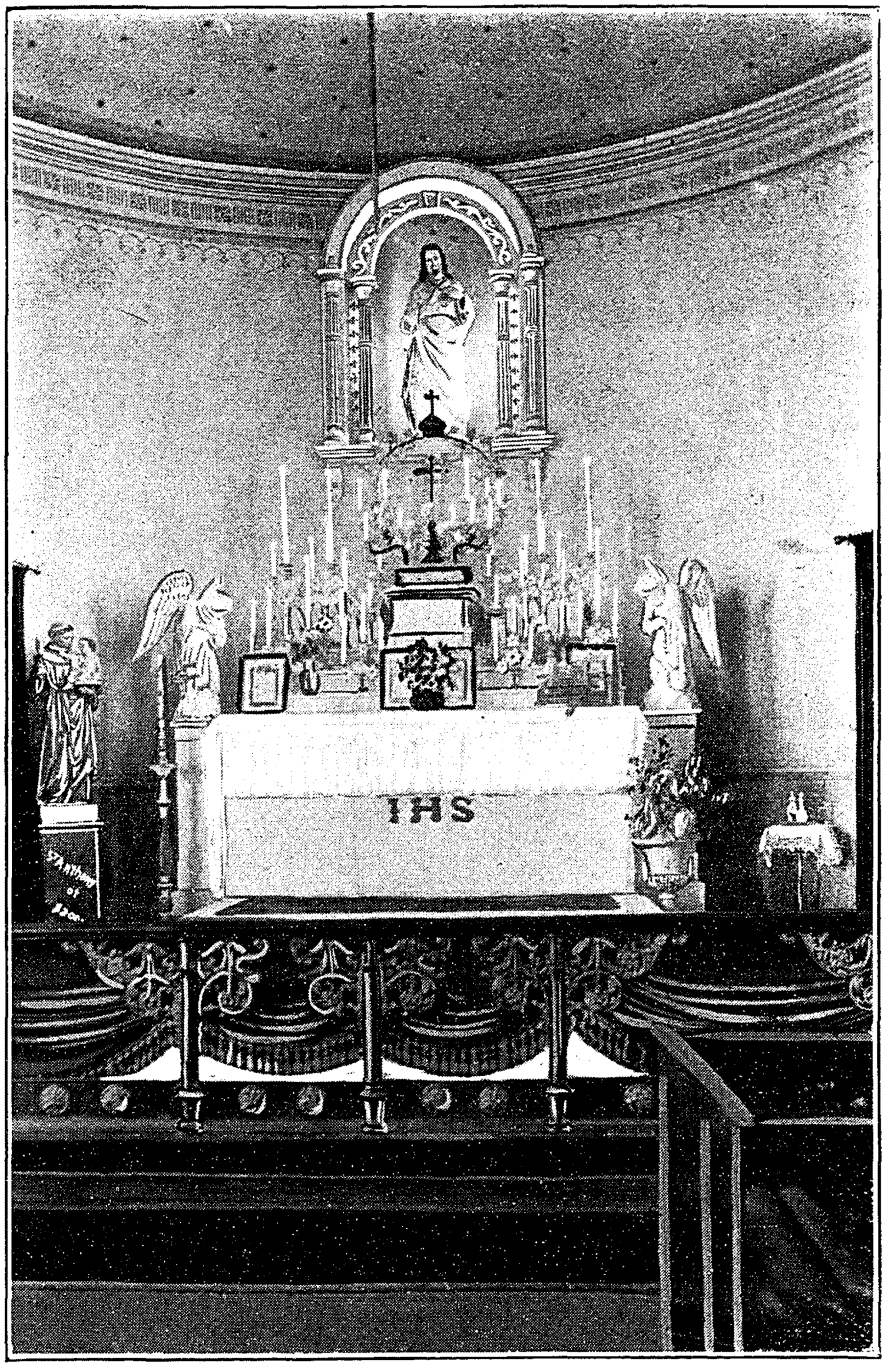
of Mary of the Imaculate Heart, but she now resides in the Georgetown Convent.

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE O'NEILL.

Another Daughter of St. Vincent haling from St. Paul's was Sister Mary Gertrude, daughter of the late Michael O'Neill, whose other daughter, Mrs. John French, and whose niece, Mrs. Ellen O'Neill Powers, daughter of the late John O'Neill, with the children, are still faithful adherents to this lowly parish.

Sister Gertrude was entered as a novice at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, through the efforts of Father Dougherty about 1878. Completing her novitiate, she was stationed at St. Joseph's Academy, Troy, N. Y. She was a graduate in Pharmacy, and was also the organizer of the Free Dispensary for the Poor at St. Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, Va., where she remained till the hospital was destroyed by fire. She was then transferred to Mount Hope Retreat, Baltimore, till the hospital was rebuilt in Norfolk, when she returned to her previous mission, continuing there till her death in July, 1909.

The Mr. C. C. O'Neill, whose name is mentioned elsewhere in connection with that of Father Malone's, was general superintendent of Union Factory. He was a very devoted Catholic of unbounded charity, resembling more a clergyman in appearance than a layman. He was the active and energetic head of St. Paul's Sunday School for years. He fostered the priestly vocation of Father Malone, and God rewarded him by bestowing on his two daughters the grace of a call to the religious life. They both entered among the Sisters of Charity, about the same time as Sister Donata, and for all we know may still be laboring in God's vineyard. Upon the death of his first wife, Mr. O'Neill married an Ellicott, and some of their children still survive in Baltimore.



INTERIOR ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

A. D. 1880

SOME NOTED PARISHIONERS.

In perusing the pages of the old Church Register, we meet with the names of former parishioners who, in their day, figured prominently in civic life. Foremost among these is the name of Col. Bernard U. Campbell, who, be it remembered, presented to the old church the statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Paul, described elsewhere in this sketch. His daughter's name stands first on the Baptismal Registry of 1838, as baptized by Rev. Chas. I. White, D. D., and is followed by that of the son of Mr. John Fahey, the oldest living parishioner at that time. We give here an account of Mr. Campbell taken from "Cathedral Records" recently published by Rev. Michael Reardon, of Pikesville, Md. After reading the account, we feel certain that the present parishioners of St. Paul's will feel proud of having had so prominent a scholar and so good a Catholic as one of the earliest members of their humble parish. "In 1855," says the Cathedral Records, "the American Catholic Church lost one of its most graceful writers, Col. Bernard U. Campbell. He was born about 1796. When but a little boy, he found himself fatherless. His vivacity and industry did not pass unobserved. A shrewd and benevolent judge of character procured him a clerkship in one of the banks, from which he rose to be himself a banker.

"He was little more than a lad when the war of 1812 was declared. He enrolled himself among the volunteers from Baltimore. At the age of eighteen, as Lieutenant of the 'Union Yeagers,' he participated in the Battle of North Point.

"Though his father died when he was quite young, yet

his heart ever clung to his memory with strong filial piety. It was his devotion to his father that led him to espouse the cause of the Irish and made him a useful member of the Hibernian Society.

"American Catholics owe him a lasting debt of gratitude for the legacy he has left them of the early history of the church. He is the author of a series of articles in the U. S. Catholic Magazine on the 'Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll.' He also wrote a 'Life of Father White, S. J.,' and read a paper before the Maryland Historical Society on the 'Early Missionaries of Maryland.'

"It was his desire for benefiting the young and unprotected that led Col Campbell to become an originator and a director of the Apprentice's Library, until it was destroyed by the fire that laid the old Athenaeum in ashes.

"Col Campbell was among the foremost in establishing the 'Catholic Institute,' and was selected as its president. During the last three years of his life, he was a trustee of the Cathedral."

"He deserves lasting remembrance," writes Gilmary Shea, "for his life-long efforts to collect and preserve the material for the history of the church in the United States. Patient, accurate, sound in judgment, clear and interesting in statement of facts, his contributions have been a great storehouse for later writers."

It will be gratifying to our readers to learn that several descendants of the Ellicotts, founders of the city and early benefactors of the church, eventually embraced the Catholic faith. We find the following entries on the Baptismal Registry:—

"Ellicott, Martha, March 29, 1846. I baptized Martha (Patty) Ellicott, daughter of George and Barbara Agnes

Ellicott, born 9th October, 1845. Sponsors, Daniel Butler and Laura Hoffman."

"Ellicott, George. June 4th, 1848, I baptized George, son of George and Agnes Ellicott, born 13th February, 1848. Sponsors, John Sloan and Mary Sloan.

"B. S. PIOT, *Pastor.*"

The daughter of Martha (Patty) Ellicott, Mrs. Beulah Ellicott Hunt, is yet an active member of St. Paul's.

Other entries that will excite interest are the following:—

"Hammond, John Thomas, August 13th, 1845, baptized without ceremonies, John Thomas, son of William and Virginia Hammond, born 31st July, 1845. Sponsor Mrs. George Ellicott.

"B. S. PIOT, *Pastor.*"

This entry points to the Catholic branch of the Hammond family so prominent in the history of Maryland.

"Warfield, Mary J. T., May 24th, 1852 (near Sykesville). Baptized Mary J. T. Warfield, lawful child of Marcellus Warfield and Josephine, his wife. Born March 10th. Sponsor, Mrs. Harding."

"B. J. MCMANUS, *Pastor.*"

"Warfield, Ella Lawrence, April 24th, 1854. I baptized Ella Lawrence, born March 23rd, 1854, of Marcellus W. and Josephine E. Warfield, his wife. Sponsors, Orellana N. and S. Margaret Owings.—Sykesville.—

"A VEROT, *Pastor.*"

"McTavish, Maria, June 22nd, 1854. At the 'Folly,' I baptized Maria Mayo, born June 12th, 1854, born of C. Carroll and Marcella McTavish. Sponsors, Joseph S. Birch and Rosina Gibson, residing in Richmond, Va.

"A. VEROT, *Pastor.*"

"Benzinger, July 21, 1859. I baptized Mary Frances de Sales, born July 7th, 1859, lawful child of Matthias and Elizabeth Benzinger. Sponsors, Joseph and Augusta Benzinger.
"JOHN FOLEY, *Pastor.*"

"Benzinger, March 23rd, 1862. I baptized Caroline Antoinette, born ———, lawful child of Mathias and Elizabeth Benzinger. Sponsors, Joseph Benzinger and Mrs. Mowbray.
"JOHN FOLEY, *Pastor.*"

"April 15th, 1863, I baptized Edward Aloysius, born——— 1863, lawful child of Frederick and Rose C. Benzinger.
"JOHN FOLEY, *Pastor.*"

These Benzingers are members of that grand old Catholic family that have given many notables to both Church and State, Colonel Benzinger being considered the founder of the family. Judge Heuisler, of the Supreme Bench, Baltimore, is married to a Benzinger, whose brothers have been prominent lawyers in that city.

In the mortuary list, we read, "At Sykesville, Captain Vachel Harding died November 11th, 1852, having been attended by Father McManus. "A. VEROT."

Glancing over the Marriage Records, we note the following:

"1839—Capt. Joseph Gough and Cassandra Cecil were married by me. H. B. Coskery, pastor. Witness, Capt. and Mrs. Sloan."

"Harding.—June 28th, 1849, I married Nicholas H. Harding to Sarah Ann Harding. Witness, Vachel and Ephraim Harding. B. S. Piot, pastor."

"White.—August 23, 1849, I married Washington White to Jemima Brooks, both of Catonsville. Witness, John Fahey and Margaret Strasbaugh. B. S. Piot, pastor."

"Cecil and Brookes.—Nov. 25, 1851, Joseph S. Cecil and Virginia S. Brooks were married by Rev. B. S. Piot. Witnesses, Ridgeley N. Dorsey and Pembroke Dorsey. B. J. McManus, pastor."

"White and Dorsey.—Oct. 21, 1856, William P. White and Julia Ann Dorsey, married by me.—A. Verot, pastor. Witnesses, Lawrence Conley and Maria Dorsey."

"Thomas and Harding.—Nov. —th, 1856, married Daniel Thomas to Helen Harding. Witnesses, Edward Harding and Virginia Dunn. A. Verot, pastor."

"Johnson and Shriver.—Feb. 3, 1859, married by me, Samuel Baker Johnson and Mary S. Shriver. Witness, Mrs. Johnson. John Foley, pastor."

"Millar and Owings.—April 10th, 1860, assisted at marriage contract between Frank H. Millar of Baltimore and Eugenia L. Owings of Sykesville.

"Witnesses, Capt. Jones, Alexander Millar, Wm. L. Lyon, aliique. Jno. Foley, pastor."

"Renehan and Benzinger.—Nov. 21, 1860, I joined in holy matrimony William Renehan and Augusta Benzinger, at Cathedral, Baltimore. Witnesses, Daniel Kirwan, Cecilia Benzinger. Jno. Foley, pastor."

"Gaither and Cecil.—March 21st, 1861, assisted at marriage contract between James Bowie Gaither and Mrs. Virginia Cecil, nee Brookes. Witness, Miss Mary Duvall. Jno. Foley, pastor."

"Mohun and Dorsey.—May 5th, 1863, I joined in holy matrimony Richard Mohun and Clara Hanson Dorsey. Witness, Annie Hohun, aliique plurimi. Jno. Foley, pastor."

"May 5th, 1865, Henry Charles N. A. Graf von Trobles and Ella Deborah Chenowith contracted marriage before me. Witnesses, Conrad Schieles, Michael McGee. T. O'Neill, pastor."

From a perusal of these names, it will be readily seen that among the ancient parishioners were members of the leading families in and around Howard county. But there were other prominent families not mentioned in the Registry, who were during this period (1838-1870) staunch supporters of the parish. Among these may be recalled the Merrick families,—that of the great Judge, and that of the famous lawyer; the Cromwells, lineal descendants on the maternal side of Capt. Wm. Kennedy, of Baltimore; the Sands family, Rear Admiral Sands, father of another Admiral, late head of the Naval Academy, his brother, Capt. B. F. Sands, U. S. N., and of Sister Hilda Sands, present Superior of Mount de Sales Convent, Catonsville; the Dugan family, prominent in Law and Real Estate; the great O'Donnell family, represented by Mrs. Henry Wootton, daughter of the late John O'Donnell; the Dalcours; the Manlys, late of Ellerslie, descendants of the second great Catholic Chief Justice Manly of North Carolina, the famous Catholic Justice Gaston alone preceding him; Admiral Ramsay, wife and son; Admiral and Mrs. Wyman; the McShanes, the great iron founders of Baltimore; the Footes; the McMullens, daughter and grandchildren of U. S. Senator Johnston of Virginia, deceased. (*) And the Welds, the American descendants of that grand old English Catholic family, in whose chapel of Lulworth Castle, Bishop Carroll was consecrated by Vicar-Apostolic Walmesley in 1790; and whose loyalty to the Catholic faith through centuries of persecution received due recognition by the elevation to the Roman Cardinalate in 1830, by Pius VIII, of Thomas Weld, son of Bishop Carroll's host. (†)

Many of the descendants of these notabilities are still living in the parish, edifying it by their religious demeanor and

(*) See Appendix C.
(†) See Appendix D.

assisting it materially. Mr. Edward P. Duffy, Marine Editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, is also an old-time member of St. Paul's.

But the bone and sinew of St. Paul's, as of every other parish in America, have been and are the men and women in the more lowly walks of life, whose upright Christian lives and ever-open purses constitute the bulwarks of Catholicity in this blessed land of religious freedom.

SOME MINOR LIGHTS.

"Oh wad the gods the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Every picture has its lights and shades, one as important, almost, as the other. So every parish has its notabilities and its more modest worthies, one group shining by contrast with the other. Each in its own way effects more good, probably, than it realizes, and by its brilliancies or its eccentricities helps to break the monotony of parish life. As we have considered many of the greater luminaries of St. Paul's, let us now regard the minor lights.

One bitterly cold morning, Father — —,snugly tucked in a comfortable sleigh, was speeding along the pike to St. Charles. On his way he met McCabe, an old teamster from the College.

"Good morning, Mr. McCabe," says Father ——. "Good mornin', your Reverence," returned McCabe, rather grumly. "A cold morning," continued the priest. "Yes," says McCabe, "but all the Christians are dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Father ——. "What about the good Fathers at St. Charles?"

"Oh!" answered McCabe, "they're worse nor the dead ones."

"What do you mean, man?" asked the priest in amaze.

"Do you think anny Christian 'd send a man out a mornin' like this drivin' a tame?" concluded McCabe,—and he drove on.

Mrs. M—— was the wife of a humble but devoted parishioner. She was one of Father ——'s converts, she often boasted. She was most assiduous in attending church, would not have missed Mass on Sunday even to save her life, went regularly to confession every month for years, but—strange to say, never received Holy Communion. Father ——'s attention was called to this, and upon remonstrating with her, she plainly informed him that she didn't believe in the Real Presence. A Catholic she was, she maintained, as Catholic as Pius IX himself, believing firmly every tenet of the faith but that of the Real Presence, observing faithfully every other commandment of the church; but the Real Presence was too much for her. Thank God, shortly before life's end, she received the grace to believe that sublime mystery and died fortified with all the rites of the church.

Shortly after her funeral, her worthy husband came up to the Brothers of Rock Hill for consolation over his loss. "Oh, my poor wife is dead and gone to hell," he moaned. "She wouldn't believe in the Holy Eucharist. She's dead now and gone to hell—sure enough." And then, after a pause, he added, "Dead and gone to hell!—but I guess it's all right; *Father Tarro officiated!*"

The good man could not be convinced that Father Tarro had succeeded in winning over his wife to belief in that divine mystery on her deathbed.

Mrs. M——, a venerable matron, most loyal and devout, one day called on Father ——, requesting him to bless her hand, on which a painful rash had appeared. Considering it wholly unnecessary and probably irreverent to perform a sacred function for so trifling an affliction, Father —— politely refused to bless the sore, but advised the good woman to consult a

physician. Mrs. —— made no reply, but left the priest abruptly, boarded the next train to Baltimore, went to see Father Dougherty at the Cathedral, who graciously blessed the sore hand, and lo! in a few days, it was completely cured.

Some time after Father —— was kneeling in the church, making his thanksgiving after Mass, and seeing Mrs. M—— nearby, kindly asked her to pray that God would cure his eyes, which had been troubling him for sometime.

"I won't pray for them," said Mrs. M——.

"Why not?" said Father——, "Because when my hand was sore you wouldn't bless it, but told me to go to a doctor, and I went in to Father Dougherty—God bless him—and he blessed it and cured it in a few days. No; I won't pray for your eyes, Father —— you'd better take your own medicine—go to a doctor—Sorra a prayer you'll get from me. You don't believe in prayers annyhow." And she departed, leaving her pastor partly amused, partly indignant.

Old man Crowley was an industrious teamster doing odd jobs about town and vicinity. He was a faithful member of St. Paul's, as honest as the sun, but as strongheaded as a bull. He had no "book larnin" whatever, but kept tally of his business transactions by that most primitive of methods—putting a nick in a stick—one nick for every load he carried. He had been engaged for some time by Brother Bettelin, then president of Rock Hill, to haul earth to fill a gully between the College barn and a public road. The work completed, he presented his bill to the Brother, but it was so high that Brother refused to pay, convinced that Crowley had overcharged him. Some mistake had been made in Crowley's calculations, but Crowley stoutly denied this—his stick was infallible. To convince the good man of his error, Brother

Bettelin had Brother Abraham, the professor of higher mathematics, survey the ground and ascertain how many loads of soil were necessary to fill the gully. This was done, and a liberal allowance made, yet Crowley's stick was far and away beyond it. Still Crowley held out. Then another effort was made to convince him that the stick was wrong—the time taken to fill a cart and draw it to and from the College divided into the entire period of worktime,—and again Crowley was wrong; but nothing could convince him. He sued the Brothers and the case was brought to court. The Brothers presented their calculations, and Crowley carried his stick to the courthouse in rebuttal. As he appeared therein, holding the precious rod with firm grasp, and grim determination on his countenance, the courtroom was convulsed with laughter; the judge himself could not refrain. After due deliberation, the Brothers won the case, and poor man Crowley had to accept their payment, less the costs of the case. Still his stick was correct, he stoutly persisted.

No one doubted the honesty of Crowley, but some one had perpetrated a joke on the good man, and the joke had leaked out and was the common gossip of the town,—everybody knew of it and was laughing over it, except Crowley. His infallible stick had been interfered with, but you couldn't make Crowley believe it. "Woe betide the man, woman or child that'd touch that stick!" declared he.

Maloney was a shiftless character in town, whose too great devotion to "John Barleycorn," and whose too frequent pilgrimages to "Notre Dame des Bottes" (bottles), to use a Gallic comparison, ever kept him at tethers' ends. Crowley had hired him to assist in the work for the College, and by some mischance or another, Maloney got hold of the "count-stick," and through sheer "divilment," filled it with nicks all

the way down, then quietly put it back in Crowley's hiding-place.

Before and during the case in court, Father —— had often remonstrated with Crowley, endeavoring to convince him that he was wrong and the Brothers right, especially upbraiding him, good Catholic that he was, for having sued the Brothers in such a simple matter. But all to no purpose—Crowley wouldn't give in. But when the case was decided against him, Crowley went to Father—— for consolation, and then the good pastor enlightened poor Crowley as to the trick that had been played upon him.

"Who did the dirty act?" asked Crowley, white with rage.

"Maloney," answered the priest, "he has admitted it, everybody knows it, and is laughing at your expense."

"I'll have his life!" roared Crowley, as he rushed home for his long-barreled shot-gun to go in search of Maloney. The trickster, however, scenting danger, had prudently withdrawn from the county sometime previously, and thus escaped the dire vengeance of Crowley.

Poor old man Crowley! God rest your soul! Your odd ways served to enliven many a dull day in the parish life of old St. Paul's!

Maloney, we are told, drifted out to California, reformed his ways, settled down in business, soon became wealthy, and dying a good Catholic, was buried from the church with great honors, a bishop, it is added, presiding at his funeral obsequies. He left most of his wealth to Catholic charities.

Another worthy was good old Denis Mulligan. Every Sunday morning, year-in, year-out, this venerable parishioner, low-sized and portly, with clean-shaven face, light blue eyes, large round head covered with snow-white hair, could be seen moving up and down the aisles, collecting "the coin of tribute."

His nervous, earnest manners oft-times aroused the mirth of thoughtless youth; but his sturdy honesty, ardent devotion to church and family gained him universal esteem. He had grown up in the parish almost from childhood, and in his own humble way, had ever been "the right-hand," of his pastor. As stated elsewhere, he bequeathed his life's earnings for the Christian education of youth.

In more recent days came Magistrate Wallenhorst, who exerted so wide and beneficial an influence among, not only the men of the parish, but of the town whose legal ruler he was. Simple, humble, not profoundly learned, his great good judgment, inflexible integrity, devout Catholic life, made him an exemplar to old and young. His somewhat premature death resulted from a lamentable accident that befell him and others while in discharge of his official duties—the collapse of the floor in Easton's Hall, where a court of trial was being held temporarily.

THE OLD TIME CHURCH PICNICS.

And, then, the old time Church Picnics in the leafy woods, 'neath the tall oaks, nigh some running stream! Would our history be complete without a description of them? No! What happy gatherings they were, of people strong in the Faith, plain in manners, boundless in neighborly affection! What happy episodes they formed in country-life, with their aftermath of worthy Christian marriages! How they brought pastor and people together in social intercourse as nothing else could! how they made them uderstand one another, lightening the burdens of the one and enlivening the monotonous lives of the other! Then was the gathering of the clans! Everybody of the five parishes was there—from Sykesville and Elkridge, Paradise, and Union and Ellicott.

The lassies wore long white muslin dresses, stiffly laundried, with high-necked waists and long sleeves: (no "peek-a-boo" waists in those days nor "rats in the hair"); red or blue silk sashes around the waist, streamers falling behind; lace collars held in place by a ribbon-bow of same hue as the sash they wore, or by a large cameo breast pin,—an heirloom in the family; and broad flapping Leghorn hats or calico sun-bonnets adorned with ribbons and artificial flowers. These hats, no doubt, were the ancestors of the modern "Gainsboroughs" and "Merry Widows," and "Chanticleers." The swains sported low cut shoes, loud stockings, white duck pantaloons as stiff as a board, brilliant waistcoats or colored shirts, turn down collars and flaming red neckties, linen dusters, and broadbrimmed soft hats, mostly white or light brown. Many discarded collars entirely, substituting therefor a

brightly polished collar-button in lieu of a tie. The elders were satisfied with more sombre colors—mainly a light gray or brown: the matrons with vari-colored ginghams, and white or calico aprons, black lace caps or Shaker bonnets.

From Hollifields and Ilchester, from "the Folly" and the Manor, from Waterloo and even Sandy Springs,—from all quarters came the farm-wagons laden with human burdens and good things to eat,—the old, the middle-aged,—sturdy sons, buxom lassies,—and children galore!

There were the Carrolls, the McTavishes and the Merricks; the Goughs, the Cecils and the Brookes; the Campbells, the Manlys, the Kennedys, and the Cromwells; the Benzingers, the Wymans, the Sands, and the Footes; the Cissels, the Dorseys, the Hammonds, and the Clarks; the Thomases, the Peters, the Whites, and the Warfields; the Gaithers, the Owings and the Forsyths; the Davises, the Talbotts, and the Sykes; the Watkinses, the Garys and the Browns; the Ellicotts, the Tysons, the Haines, and the Hunts;—all the gentry and plain bourgeois — Catholic and non-Catholic alike, the one as generous, if not more so, than the other.

Strictly, it was a family gathering, with the parish fathers at the head. And how their souls were knit together in bonds of reverence and love! Amazed are we today to hear our grandsires recount so lovingly the fatherly traits of their old-time pastors; but the Country Church Picnics were a powerful factor in this cementing of human hearts. Ostensibly, their purpose was the payment of some church debt, or the meeting of some obligation contracted by the pastor for some improvements in temple or parsonage. Held most frequently on the Fourth of July before the harvest was ripe, or on Lady Day in August, after it had been gathered in, they served as exercises of patriotism and of neighborly benevolence. How lavish the hospitality then displayed, how sincere and hearty

the outpourings of those generous souls! Weeks ahead of time, the date and place and purpose were announced from the altar-steps some blessed Sunday morning. At once, every housewife in the parishes set to work to prepare and lay aside the best her culinary skill could turn out,—to be borne later on in triumph to grace the long rustic table set out 'neath the oaks, that formed the main attraction on those never-to-be-forgotten festal days. And such a feast as there was spread!—one, indeed, fit for the Gods! There was "lashin's and lavin's" of sugar-cured ham, cold mutton, and tongue and veal cutlets,—with home-made pickles of 57 varieties—and cold slaw;—and oh, that roast chicken! "so tinder and juicy, it'd melt in your mouth." (Who can surpass our Southern housewives in preparing roast chicken?) And the platters of juicy corn,—of pone-cake and of gingerbread!—all washed down with sweet cider, cherry-bounce, birch-beer, the inevitable lemonade, and that ambrosial nectar—old-time mead;—all kept cool in earthen jugs immersed in ice cold springs. Oh, ye Gods! attend and see if there be elsewhere on earth more toothsome viands than these! At the tooting of a horn, or the rattling of a cow bell, or the loud tapping on a tin pan, the guests assembled for the first sitting;—oft-times there were three and four sittings, if not more. At the head of the table sat good Father Coskery with as many one-time pastors or brother-priests as he could muster together for the occasion. Father Piot was too austere, and O'Neill too caustic, their presence would have chilled the light mirth: tactful indeed, to keep them away. There was good Father McManus and Father Foley and Father Dougherty—with Father Starr, active and energetic—flitting about from place to place with an eye to everything, but eating little or nothing. How proud those house dames felt as they waited on the elders, leaving the second and third sitters to

be waited on by the blushing damsels just emerging from their teens. There was Granddame Gray, and Mrs. George Ellicott, and Mrs. Dr. Owings, and Mrs. Onthank and Mrs. Haines, and Mrs. Foote and Mrs. McAvoy, and Mrs. Cunnane, and Mrs. Renehan, and Mrs. Kuhn, and Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Ells, and Mrs. Holden, and Mrs. McKenzie, and Mrs. Perkins, and Mrs. Mulligan, and Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Loughran, and Mrs. Neubeck, and Mrs. Kailer, and Mrs. Hendricks, and Mrs. Richmond, and Mrs. Cooney, and Mrs. Gallagher, and Mrs. Heavey, and Mrs. Kavanaugh, and Mrs. O'Neill, and Mrs. Mellon, and Mrs. Reynolds, and Mrs. Toomey, and Mrs. McDonald, and Mrs. Cavey—(God rest their souls!)—but why go on? We'll have the whole Church Registry on our list, if we don't stop!

"Now, Father McManus, you must take a piece of my ham," says Dame Gray; and a suppressed titter would run around the table at the unhallowed twist put to her words. "Father Foley, try some of my fried chicken," would say Mrs. Owings. "Won't you have a piece of my tongue, Father Dougherty?" asks Mrs. Crowley coaxingly. "Thank God, Father, she's going to cut a piece of it off," blurts out Tim Crowley,—"We'll have peace in the house after this!"—And Tim would deftly dodge the blow aimed at him by his irate spouse,—to the amusement of the crowd. And there was teamster McCabe with his glossy red face as round and as big as a Summer-night moon. He was decked in a brand new suit of light grey and a broad white soft hat. There he sat, portly and serene, contentedly quaffing a big mug of cherry-bounce, smacking his lips anon, and solemnly asseverating between drinks, "that it was as wake as wather;" and all the while casting "sheep's eyes" at "Widdy McAnany" on the other side of the table.

So the feast went on. And when the "childer" had been

waited on and their hunger sated, the good dames sat down themselves to take a "wee sma' bite"—(Cooks are never hungry!)—and talk the dinner over, or discuss the last churning, or some new methods of pickling and preserving, or the best cure for cholera-morbus, or the quickest way to turn the heel of a stocking. The men would gather in some shady nook to smoke their corncobs, talk of the weather, the crops, the breed of their cattle and horses, or the good old days of Hickory Jackson, of Polk and of Tyler, or possibly of the more serious question of Secession—then so rife. Did the Governor happen along?—and he never missed it, especially about election time—what a hand-shaking followed, what out-spoken approval of his administration, and all this in that shrewd play of what friend Grasty styles "*pedestal politics*"—worn out now-a-days, but most effective in winning votes in these good old Democratic times, "befo' de Wah." The girls would scatter through the fields gathering daisies or chasing butterflies, swinging on scups, at see-saw, copenhagen, or bean-bag in the shade. While the boys would indulge in "duck-on-the-rock," old time town ball, or a game of "movins up," or hie away to some limpid pool, therein to bath their sweltering limbs. And the love-lorn youths would saunter through the woods picking berries,—the bashful swain with his heart'sease beside him, talking nonsense or whispering sweet nothings in fair Dulcinea's ear. Anon, their witching glances would betray far more than their hearts could possibly put in words.

Here and there in leafy dingle or nigh some bubbling spring, thrifty church-members have erected rustic booths whence to dispense ice-cream, cakes and candies—all "made in the Germany" of some happy home;—or ladle out varicolored lemonade to the hot and thirsty. Tim Crowley, ever with an eye to business, had seized on the choicest location

"ferninst" the coolest and largest spring—where he was doing a rushing business for church and country, dispensing lemonade. "Homemade! prepared while you wait! one cent a glass!"—such were his ejaculations. The young ladies were never done "tasin' him." "Mr. Crowley, I want to make some lemonade," says Alice Onthank, tin bucket in hand, moving towards Tim's spring. "Sorra a drop o' water you'll get out of here," answers Tim, barring the way. "This is my wather and nobody else's." And henceforth the wags of the county dubbed that brand of lemonade as "Tim Crowley's wather." The "kids" in the meantime were helping themselves gratuitously to the lemonade to their hearts' content. But all the same, Tim handed in the biggest returns of cash to clear the church debt.

Tim Crowley and his brother Ed, and John Onthank, and Cooney ,and Maloney, and McAvoy, and "Dinnis" Mulligan, and Tom Hunt were the soul of the whole gathering. There was no end to their teasing and bantering, and the amusement they afforded the livelong day. During the first sitting at dinner, Tim would insist on waiting on the table, "just to show the "Clargy he could do something more than drivin' a tame." And when the sun was slowly sinking behind the hills, the cool breezes of early evening began to temper the sultry atmosphere, along came the village fiddler, or "fiddlers three," or more fortunately some stray piper,—or perchance the Darkies' "Cast-iron band,"—perched upon a jutting hillside rock, neath a spreading tree, discourses rude music, to which the buxom lads and lassies tripped the light fantastic—not your languorous, enervating, effeminate, molly-coddle waltzes and glides of now-a-days, but the exhilarating country-dances, quadrilles, and hoe-downs, and jigs, and Highland flings, and Virginia reels, and the "dear old Lancers." Then to cap the climax, some venerable grandsire would lead for-

ward his half-hesitating, half-anxious snow-haired helpmate, to dance the stately minuet, "just to show the youngsters what great things the old folks used to do in their early days."

What countless chances now for harmless tricks on unsuspecting matrons, or timid maids, or dapper country barristers! Was there present the half-sexton, half-pedagogue of the village? Or some prudish spinster on the shady side of thirty-two? or some fusty bachelor with his white plug stovepipe, red waistcoat, and swallow tailed coat, high-water pants and silver-headed cane? Or some hefty dame, extremely nervous, tipping the scales at 200 odd pounds? Oh what a butt they became for the good natured pranks that continued the whole afternoon! How gallantly bachelor Burch would serve lemonade to Widow Cunnane, or wait on her at table, or lead the none too reluctant spinster McGarrell forth to dance a reel; while in the interim, his plug hat and silver-knobbed cane became the toy of the reckless gorsoons. But that "limb o' the divil," Malony, ever alert for a joke, ever on mischief bent, would soothingly persuade portly Mrs. Richmond or some other rival heavy-weight of the parishes to seat herself beside him on the weakest part of the rustic benches surrounding the dance platform. And when the unsuspecting lady, buttressed on three sides by Malony, Cooney, and Onthank, complied with their wishes, the wily conspirators, by a dextrous movement of their feet, would suddenly remove the temporary support beneath the bench, put there to deceive the unwary; then would occur that catastrophe so gladly looked forward to by the expectant crowd. Down came the bench with its living burdens all in an indiscriminate heap, mid screams from the women, shouts of laughter from the men and hypocritical apologies from the guilty culprits. "Oh, what a fall was there, my masters!" "Alas!

poor Richmond! great was thy fall!" But no harm done: nothing but thy dignity jostled, or thy temper slightly ruffled! No bones broken, thank God: the descent was not far, the grass was thick, and fond nature had been overkind in supplying the victim with a superabundance of adipose tissue in anticipation of just such happy mischances at Country Picnics. And after all, it was not the *fall* that hurt; it was the sudden *stop.*" And then what a scramble followed among her tormentors to see who would help her up. "Get a derrick!" shouted the "kids." No! Maloney was sure to be first—helped by Cooney and Onthank—who with many a mock attempt at elevating her,—made purposely futile—"just for divilment's sake," would in due time get her on her feet again. When Malony, slyly endeavoring to reward himself for his heroic endeavors in her behalf, by a furtive attempt at an innocent squeeze of the highly flustered victim would meet his just punishment by a sound box in the lugs from the half-indignant matron. All the same, she enjoyed it, poor thing; she was so good natured.

But these were only the side shows of this great human circus. On with the dance! let joy be unconfined, till the tooting supper-horn calls on us to attend to the inner man!

Then came forth the pies. Oh those pies!—apple, cherry, quince, and plum—how it makes one's mouth water to think of them!—and the dough-nuts, and the crullers, and the Johnny-cake! Hot coffee, did you say? Yes, if you wanted it; but who ever thought of hot drinks on occasions like these? Then back to the dance, while the matrons cleared the table and gathered up the fragments—"twelve baskets full and over"—to be afterwards distributed to the poor of the parishes, or given to the "cullud help in de quaters," who in the meanwhile had had a picnic all to "dersels" at home. And you bet they enjoyed it. And when the blood-red moon

had risen high in the heavens, the music ceased, and the horses were hitched to wagons covered with recently-mown hay, the sleep-oppressed "childer" were huddled into safe corners; lovers esconced themselves in snuggest seats—(they always managed to get together, somehow or other, despite obstacles): "Good byes" and "God speed ye's" were said; then the cracking of whips, the whoas to the horses—and the long "straw rides" in the moonlight began. This was Cupid's busiest hour. Out of many hearts, thoughts were then revealed, soft words spoken, tender promises made, vows plighted,—until balmy sleep closed the eyelids of fair Rosabelle, who sank to rest in unconscious innocence on the shoulder of some unspeakably happy Reuben. So home was reached at last, "good nights" said; they sought their couches, happy dreams blessed their slumbers until cockcrow called them forth again to work in the mills, or to the contented routine of farm-life—the watering of the horses, the milking of the cows, the feeding of the geese, chickens, ducks and pigeons, the hoeing of the corn-rows—all tired out with their last happy day's frolics, but fondly looking forward to the next gathering on Lady Day in August, or to the "Corn-huskin's" in the Fall, or the "Taffy-pullin's" in the long, long winter.

"Oh, the days of the Country Dances!
Oh, the sound of the Piper's tune.
Oh, the days of the Country Dances:
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.
When the lads began to gather in the glen
Of a Summer's night,
And the merry piper's tuning
Filled our heart's delight.
Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears!
Oh, the days of the Country Dances!
Oh, the sound of the piper's tune!
Oh, the days of the Country Dances
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon!"—Malloy.

"These were thy charms, sweet Ellicott, sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled."

—Goldsmith.

Alas for human weakness! Old Satan soon got in his licks. Some stray derelict whose church affiliations were never manifested save on these occasions, smuggles in a flask of "Apple Jack," or of "Hunter's Rye," and soon the presence of "John Barley-corn" becomes too evident. As time grows apace, the evils increase from a too frequent indulgence in "burgo-masters," "stone-fences," and hard cider, until these one time harmless festal gatherings degenerate into grave scandals,—and sadly, indeed, is Mother Church obliged to place her ban upon them—and they quickly die out.

"Higher Civilization," too, has lent a hand. The whole scene is changed; the Moloch of Modern Progress has swallowed up in his hungry maw, all this peace and simple joy—never again to return. Times have changed—and our children with them—for better or worse, who can say? Our youths are not what they used to be; they know too much; know more at the age of twelve of the secrets of life, than our grand-sires did at forty:—thanks to the "Yaller Journal," the five cent novel, and the cheap magazine. They are no longer the rugged little roysterers in bare feet, bluejeans, and big straw hats, ever bent on orchard-foraging, birdnesting, minnow-fishing, and an occasional fisticuffing just to break the monotony:—all that is now beneath the notice of our foppishly dressed miniature Don Juans and Donna Isabellas:—the Faith is weakened,—morals grow lax—happiness departs—and then—the Deluge!

Oh, Modern Progress, how many evils shall we lay at thy door!

THE OLD CHURCH REGISTER.

(1838-1870.) (*)

Oh, that old Church Register! With its records of marriages, baptisms, first communions, confirmations, church societies, converts, and deaths! What a varied tale its musty pages enfold! How it carries the mind back to primitive days, hinting at rather than detailing, the apostolic efforts of early pastors to preserve the faith among their people, to extend the kingdom of God among unbelievers, to protect the faithful against their four great enemies:—non religious education, indifference, mixed marriages, and intemperance. How well they succeeded, God alone can tell! But scanning these lists, noting the large number of mixed marriages and the baptisms under peculiar circumstances, what a condition of things it reveals to us! How it should make us realize the vast strides, this parish has made during the long years of its existence.

Thankful, indeed, should we be for the benefits we now enjoy, when contrasted with the struggles and the sacrifices demanded of our forbears. But, athwart the sunshine of our satisfaction, comes a streak of gloom at the thought of those who have abandoned the faith of their fathers. Scan the lists closely: note the names: then look around you, and enumerate those in our midst who should be Catholics but are not; and what a sadness grips the heart! Go farther; sit not by, idly moaning; ask yourself the cause of this great loss of faith and virtue. What a lesson the answer will teach you! how it will bring home to you the warnings of your pastors! Oh!

(*) See Appendices H and I and J and K.

INTERIOR ST. PAULS CHURCH

A. D. 1910

What a priceless boon is this, our blessed Faith! Guard it well! Preserve it at all hazards! Let not human respect, intellectual pride, forbidden secret societies, political ambition, desire for social advancement, craviug for worldly pelf, blind passion for man or woman or liquor, lead you to deny the God that created you, the Savior that redeemed you. In the roseate days of manhood, in the noontide of prosperity, forget not the Church that blessed your entrance into life, that sanctified your youth, and that then made you happy beyond measure; and to which you will turn for comforting hope in those last sad days when the world deserts you and grim death stares you in the face, after having scorned and neglected her during the best years of your life! Even then, although totally undeserving of recognition, will that ever tender Mother receive you back to her arms if you only be repentant; and having cleansed your sin-laden soul with the precious blood of Christ, will she whisper into your dying ears the consoling words, "Be of good heart, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee!"—"This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!"

O Faith of our Fathers, whose sacred flame
  The hearts of saintly sires hast fired,
Who e'er thy tenets didst proclaim,
  Nor wand'ring lights their minds aspired;
May we like them, "in conscience free,"
  In heart and deed, their lives renew;
Perchance, great sacrifice for thee,
  The grace to make, may yet ensue;
"How sweet would be our happy fate,
  If we, like them, could die for thee."
Nor 'mand thee that, but bidd'st us love
  "Both friend and foe in all our strife.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
    By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
    We will be true to thee till death."

—Adapted from Faber.

SOME NOTEWORTHY FEATURES.

Scanning these venerable records, here and there we hit upon statements that compel attention, not only because of the strangeness of the facts recorded but also of the light they throw upon the history of the past. The first class of these statements is represented by the following:

"February 19th, 1856. In the absence of Rev. Mr. Verot, I gave private baptism to Elizabeth Coogle, dangerously ill; born about two years ago of Sara and Nicholas Coogle..—J. S. Birch."

Many entries similar to the above and signed by the same name, are found in the Baptismal Registry, between 1854 and 1858, during the pastorate of Father Verot. They give us a side-light on the great extent of St. Paul's parish in those days, and the wise provisions made to meet the essential needs of his flock in the frequent unavoidable absences of Father Verot, especially after his appointment as bishop and before his departure for Florida. It is very evident that "J. S. Birch" was a layman, pious and well-educated, whom Dr. Verot had appointed to baptize privately any person in danger of death, should the pastor or any other priest not be attainable. That he must have been a gentleman of some standing in the community may safely be inferred from the fact that he was chosen sponsor for "Maria Mayo McTavish," granddaughter of Charles Carroll, as stated elsewhere in this outline. We have already given a sketch of his varied career.

The second class of statements informs us of the many converts to Catholicity among Protestant students attending Rock Hill College, some one of the Brothers or Catholic students acting as sponsors. This was of frequent occurrence during the pastorates of Fathers Foley and O'Neill.

"April 4th, 1863, baptized George Washington Harden. Brother John, Sponsor." This latter was the venerable Brother Chrysostom, dean of Manhattan College, New York, who died two years ago, aged nearly ninety. He was the first Christian Brother in the United States, having received the religious habit from the hands of Archbishop Hughes in old St. Patrick's, New York, in 1849. He had been a Quaker in youth, but entered the church in early manhood. He was an accomplished linguist, a fine English scholar, and a finished orator.

1864. "Sub Conditione.—Francis Waddy, son of John E. Louis and Rebecca Waddy, his wife. Sponsor, Brother Besas." Brother Besas was a profound mathematician and astronomer, yet as guileless as a child, and a most devout, religious man. Between himself and Father Foley the warmest friendship existed, and the latter took Brother Besas's death as a great personal loss. This saintly scholar died at New Orleans from yellow fever during the frightful epidemic in 1867.

"1864, July 9th.—Baptized, sub-conditione, Andrew B. McLaughlin, adult,—Sponsor, Brother Bettelin." The convert was a professor at Rock Hill, and the sponsor is the well-known former President of the College, which he governed for fifteen years with remarkable success. Now in his eighty-first year, he is still vigorous, and passes the closing days of his life in teaching a class of little boys in Manhattan College, New York.

"1865.—January 24th, baptized, sub. conditione Henry Heiskell. Sponsor, Patrick Hasty."—Master Hasty was then a student at Rock Hill, but eventually studied for the priesthood, was ordained, and proved himself a young apostle in the Richmond diocese. He died in the early vigor of manhood, worn out with labor in God's vineyard.

The third class of statements may be represented by the following item:

"1864,—March 26th. Baptized, sub conditione, David Martin, soldier, whom I had previously married to Miss Gillespie.

"Sponsor—Corporal James McQuade.

"T. O'NEILL, *Pastor.*"

This carries us back to the Civil War period, and to many Howard Countians will bring back memories of that troublous time in Ellicott and Elkridge. Then occurred a very stirring incident, the centre of which was St. Paul's Church. A body of Yankee cavalry had been stationed on Quaker Hill for some days,—to the great disgust of Ellicott's citizens who were open and ardent Southern sympathizers. The Yankee soldiers, all non-Catholics, undertook one day to amuse themselves by entering St. Paul's and acting there most rudely, even going so far, tradition says, as to make one of their number don the sacred vestments and mimic the "Sacred Mystery." The entire townsfolk, without distinction of creed, were furiously indignant, but powerless to resent the gross outrage. However, whether by train or telegraph or speedy horseman, the Catholics soon informed a regiment of Irish Catholic troopers then stationed at Relay. Quick as a flash these sprang to horse, and at break-neck speed shortly reached Ellicott's; but our brave Yankee heroes got wind of their coming, struck camp, and hastily beat a retreat. Dame Rumor, as usual, added to the account of the affair; and therefrom evolved the following humorous sequel. She maintained that the Irish Catholic troopers did surprise the Yankees in their sacrilegous act, and that the foremost Irishman raised his musket and shot down the vested ruffian as he stood before the altar; but that some days after, struck with remorse, he came to confess to Father Foley most con-

tritely, not that he had shot a man, oh, no! that was heroic! but that he had *"burnt a hole in the vestment."* (*)

CONCLUSION.

As a fitting close to this brief sketch, we insert in the appendices names from the Old Church Registry which will appeal to the hearts of present and former parishioners of St. Paul's. Therein, they will find recorded the marriage or baptism or death of some venerated ancestor. The names are given just as recorded, but limited to the years from 1838 to 1870, and will, we trust, interest not only the active members of the parish at present, but also many others who may have grown indifferent to the religion of their forefathers. God grant that the perusal of this monograph may be to the former a strengthening of their belief; and to the latter, a re-enlivening of their dormant faith until final perseverance!

A GODSPEED.

Sail on, O Barque! Our prayers are these:
Thy course pursue through sunny seas,
Nor lowering clouds thy path obscure,
Nor tempests' winds thy sails endure;
Past treach-rous shoals, past hidden rocks,
Be stout, withstand all ruthless shocks;
Thy wake so calm, so clear, so white,
Gives hope for future still more bright;
May Pilots sage thy helm direct
Through Life's dark night to Port Elect.
"Sit nomen Domini benedictum
Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum."

(*) Archbishop Bayley claimed New York City as the scene of this episode.

tritely, not that he had shot a man, oh, no! that was heroic! but that he had *"burnt a hole in the vestment."* (*)

CONCLUSION.

As a fitting close to this brief sketch, we insert in the appendices names from the Old Church Registry which will appeal to the hearts of present and former parishioners of St. Paul's. Therein, they will find recorded the marriage or baptism or death of some venerated ancestor. The names are given just as recorded, but limited to the years from 1838 to 1870, and will, we trust, interest not only the active members of the parish at present, but also many others who may have grown indifferent to the religion of their forefathers. God grant that the perusal of this monograph may be to the former a strengthening of their belief; and to the latter, a re-enlivening of their dormant faith until final perseverance!

A GODSPEED.

Sail on, O Barque! Our prayers are these:
Thy course pursue through sunny seas,
Nor lowering clouds thy path obscure,
Nor tempests' winds thy sails endure;
Past treach-rous shoals, past hidden rocks,
Be stout, withstand all ruthless shocks;
Thy wake so calm, so clear, so white,
Gives hope for future still more bright;
May Pilots sage thy helm direct
Through Life's dark night to Port Elect.
"Sit nomen Domini benedictum
Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum."

(*) Archbishop Bayley claimed New York City as the scene of this episode.